IDW

#6 • $3.99

DELANO
RIDGWAY

DOCTOR WHO
CLASSICS SERIES 4 ISSUE #6

"THE GIFT"

ORIGINAL CREDITS:

WRITER:
JAMIE DELANO

ARTIST:
JOHN RIDGWAY

LETTERER:
RICHARD STARKINGS

EDITOR:
SHEILA CRANNA

ORIGINALLY PRINTED IN
DOCTOR WHO
MAGAZINE #123-126, 1987

NEW CREDITS:

COLORS:
CHARLIE KIRCHOFF

EDITOR:
DENTON J. TIPTON

DESIGNER:
AMAURI OSORIO

COVER ART BY:
JOHN RIDGWAY

COLORS BY:
CHARLIE KIRCHOFF

Special thanks to Kate Bush, Georgie Britton, Caroline Skinner, Denise Paul, and Ed Casey at BBC Worldwide for their invaluable assistance.

IDW®

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Alan Payne, VP of Sales

Become our fan on Facebook **facebook.com/idwpublishing**
Follow us on Twitter **@idwpublishing**
Check us out on YouTube **youtube.com/idwpublishing**
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

DOCTOR WHO CLASSICS SERIES IV #6. JULY 2012. FIRST PRINTING. BBC, DOCTOR WHO (word marks, logos and devices) and TARDIS are trade marks of the British Broadcasting Corporation and are used under license. BBC logo © BBC 1996. Doctor Who logo © BBC 2009. TARDIS image © BBC 1963. © Idea and Design Works, LLC. © 2012 Idea and Design Works, LLC. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 5080 Santa Fe St., San Diego, CA 92109. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea.

THE GIFT

EPISODE ONE.

JAMIE DELANO
SCRIPT
JOHN RIDGWAY
ART
RICHARD STARKINGS
LETTERS
SHEILA CRANNA
EDITOR

THE DOCTOR AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE ENJOYING A SOJOURN ON THE TRANQUIL PLANET OF **HALCYA**...

THIS IS WONDERFUL. IT'S SO PEACEFUL, AND **WARM**.

YES, IT WOULD BE A PERFECT PLACE TO RETIRE TO. NO **DANGER**, NO **HARDSHIPS**, NO UNPLEASANT **SURPRISES**...

WELL, I THINK IT'S **BORING**. NOTHING **HAPPENS**. EVERYBODY SMILES **ALL** THE TIME...

THE SUN SHINES **EVERY** DAY...!

YOU'RE NEVER SATISFIED.

CAN'T YOU JUST **RELAX**?

BUT IT'S SO **BLAND**... IT'S LIKE A CURRY WITHOUT THE **SPICE**... EDEN WITHOUT THE **SNAKE**... HIC!

THE FISH HERE DON'T EVEN **TRY** TO ESCAPE.

WHAT DO **YOU** WANT TO DO, THEN?

A PARTY I THINK, A REALLY **WILD** PARTY, WHERE THERE'S **MUSIC, DANCING** AND **ACTION!**

WELL, THERE'S NO SHORTAGE OF INVITATIONS IN THE TARDIS.

FLIP!

OKAY, THEN. I CAN SEE I'M OUTNUMBERED... **HEY!**

WE COULD GO TO **ROME** FOR ONE OF HELIOGABOLUS' DO'S...

YAY! **PARTY-TIME!**

BUT HE SOMETIMES HAS HIS GUESTS **SMOTHERED** IN **ROSE PETALS.**

OR THERE'S THE FUNERAL FEAST FOR THE **WHALE-KING OF STURM**...

YUCK!

WHAT ARE THESE? OH, YES, WEDDING INVITATIONS FROM HENRY THE EIGHTH – SIX OF THEM...

HIGH TIDE PARTY WITH THE **SLIME TOADS OF ULOTH?** NO THANKS!

HOW ABOUT IF I JUST **PECK** ONE OUT OF THE PACK?

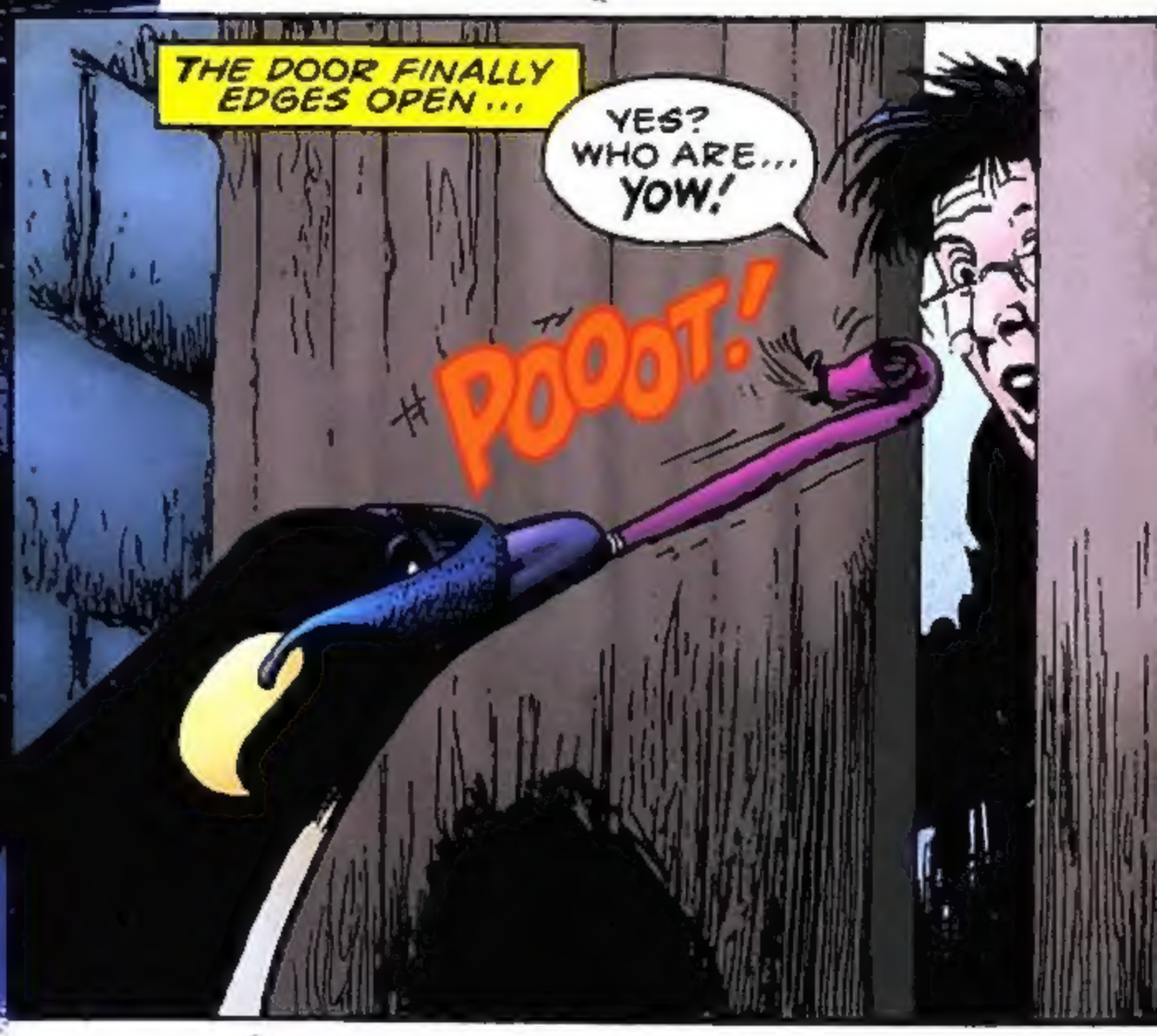
THE TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY BASH OF THE LORDUKE OF ZAZZ. THAT SHOULD DO NICELY.
THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD.
LET'S GO!

SO WHO OR WHAT IS THE LORDUKE OF ZAZZ? AND HOW SHOULD I DRESS FOR HIS PARTY?
VWORP! VWORP!
THE KATZ OF ZAZZ, AS THEY REFER TO THEMSELVES, ARE DISTANT DESCENDANTS OF AN EARTH COLONY.

THE PLANET ZAZZ.
...ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T RECOGNISE THEIR ORIGINS, THE ZAZZ CULTURE IS LARGELY A PHENOMENOLOGICAL ECHO OF EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICANA...
SAY WHAT?
I THINK YOU'LL FIND THEM FUN.

PERFECT, MY DEAR. YOU REALLY LOOK THE PART.
THANK YOU, DOCTOR. AREN'T YOU GOING TO CHANGE, FROBISHER..?
WHY? YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST PENGUINS, SISTER?

CAR PARK'S NOT VERY FULL, IS IT? WE MUST BE EARLY...
Hmmm... IT'S NOT QUITE AS I REMEMBER IT ... HOPE I'VE GOT THE RIGHT CENTURY!
DOK
DOK


THE DOOR FINALLY EDGES OPEN...
YES? WHO ARE... YOW!
POOOT!

I'M SORRY. WE WERE LOOKING FOR THE LORDLIKE'S PARTY.

WHERE'S THE *BOOZE*? WHERE'S THE *BAND*?

JUMPIN' JULES VERNE!

PARTY? *PARTY*? THERE'S NO *PARTY* HERE! AND NO *LORDLIKE* EITHER. NO, SIR. NO FOOLISH FRIVOLITY.

I HAVE NO TIME FOR *MUSIC* AND *NONSENSE*... I AM *PROFESSOR STRUT*. I DO SERIOUS WORK!

YES, SO I SEE... DO YOU *ACTUALLY* INTEND TO *PILOT* THIS VESSEL...?

VOLCANO POWER? I DIAGNOSE TERMINAL OPTIMISM, DOC.

PAH! I HAVE LAUNCHED ROCKETS BEFORE, YOU KNOW.

THE ACCIDENT WASN'T MY FAULT.

MY *BROTHER* HAD NO RIGHT TO PREVENT MY WORK. HE DOESN'T THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO LAUNCH *ANOTHER* ONE. BUT I'LL SHOW HIM!

YOU CAN'T *RIDE* A VOLCANO. THE *THRUST* WILL BE TOO UNPREDICTABLE... THE BALLISTICS...

ENOUGH! IT WILL *WORK*.

THE *CHARGES* WILL BE FIRED, THE MAGMA RELEASED, AND I WILL LEAVE THIS CHILDISH WORLD... *FOREVER!*

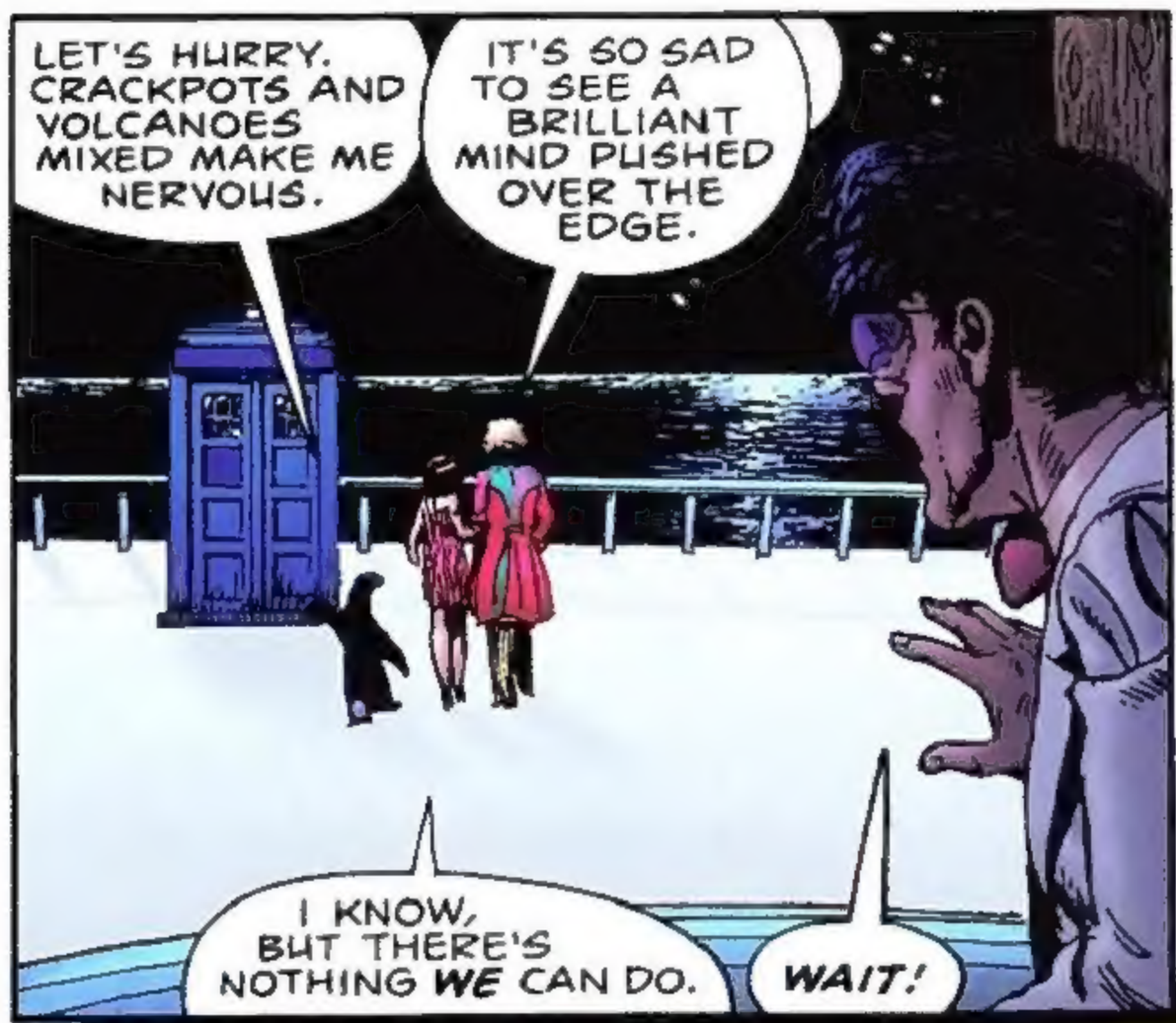
I'D BET ON *THAT*.

C'MON, DOCTOR. LET'S GET TO THE PARTY.

YEAH... THIS BOZO'S NO *FUN*.

BUT... OH WELL.

YES – *GO!* LEAVE ME TO MY WORK. BID MY DEAR BROTHER THE LORDLIKE FAREWELL FOR ME... TELL HIM TO WATCH THE SKIES... *HA HA!*



HARLM TOWN.

INSIDE THE KOTN KLUB, THE KATZ OF ZAZZ ARE RAISING THE ROOF AND POUNDING THE PLANKS...

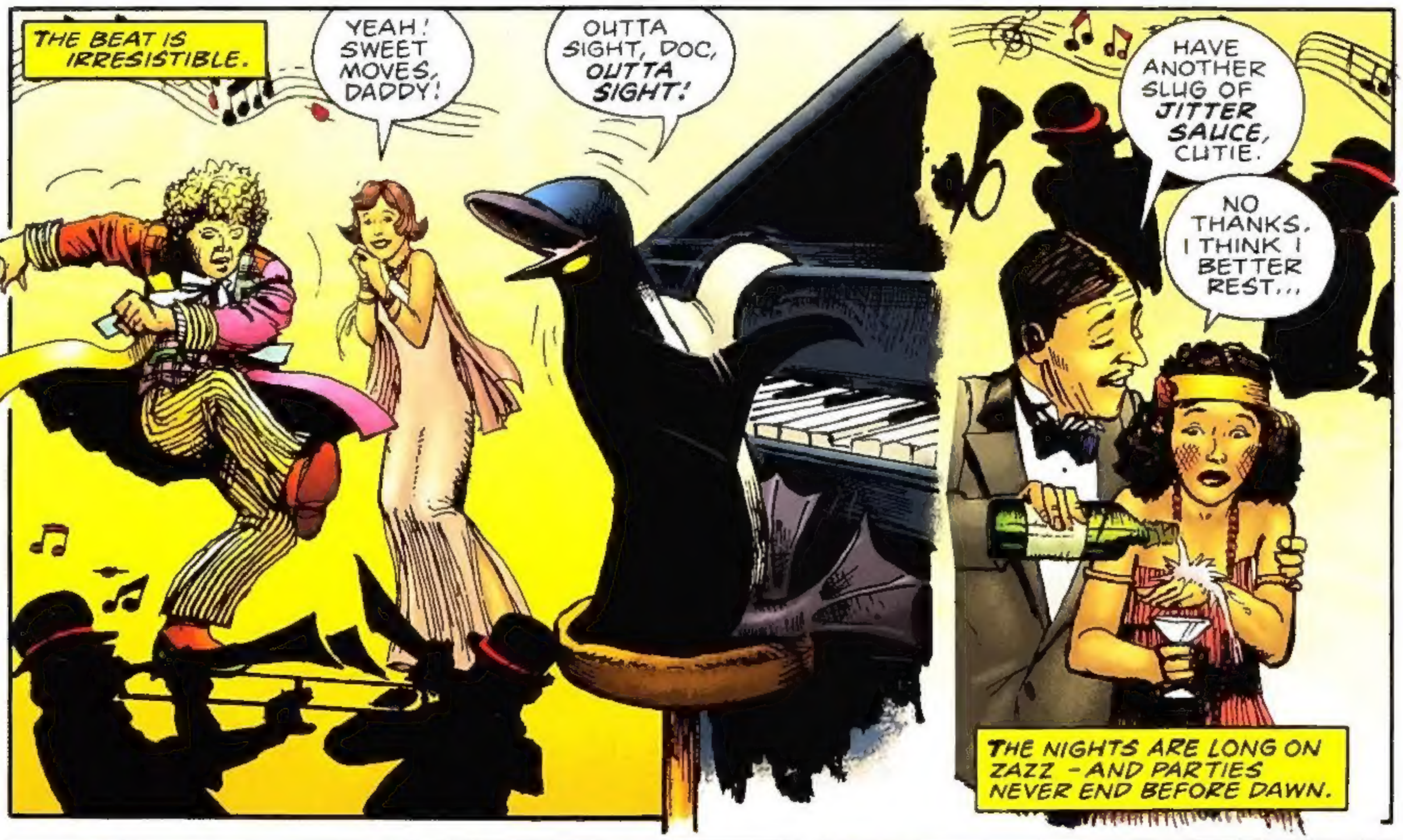
ZAZZA ZAZZA KACHAWAP BA

NOW THIS SOUNDS LIKE A PARTY!

THE BOID IS WIT YOU..?

NOT A BIRD... WHIFFERDILL.

BALADOO PADAWAPAP

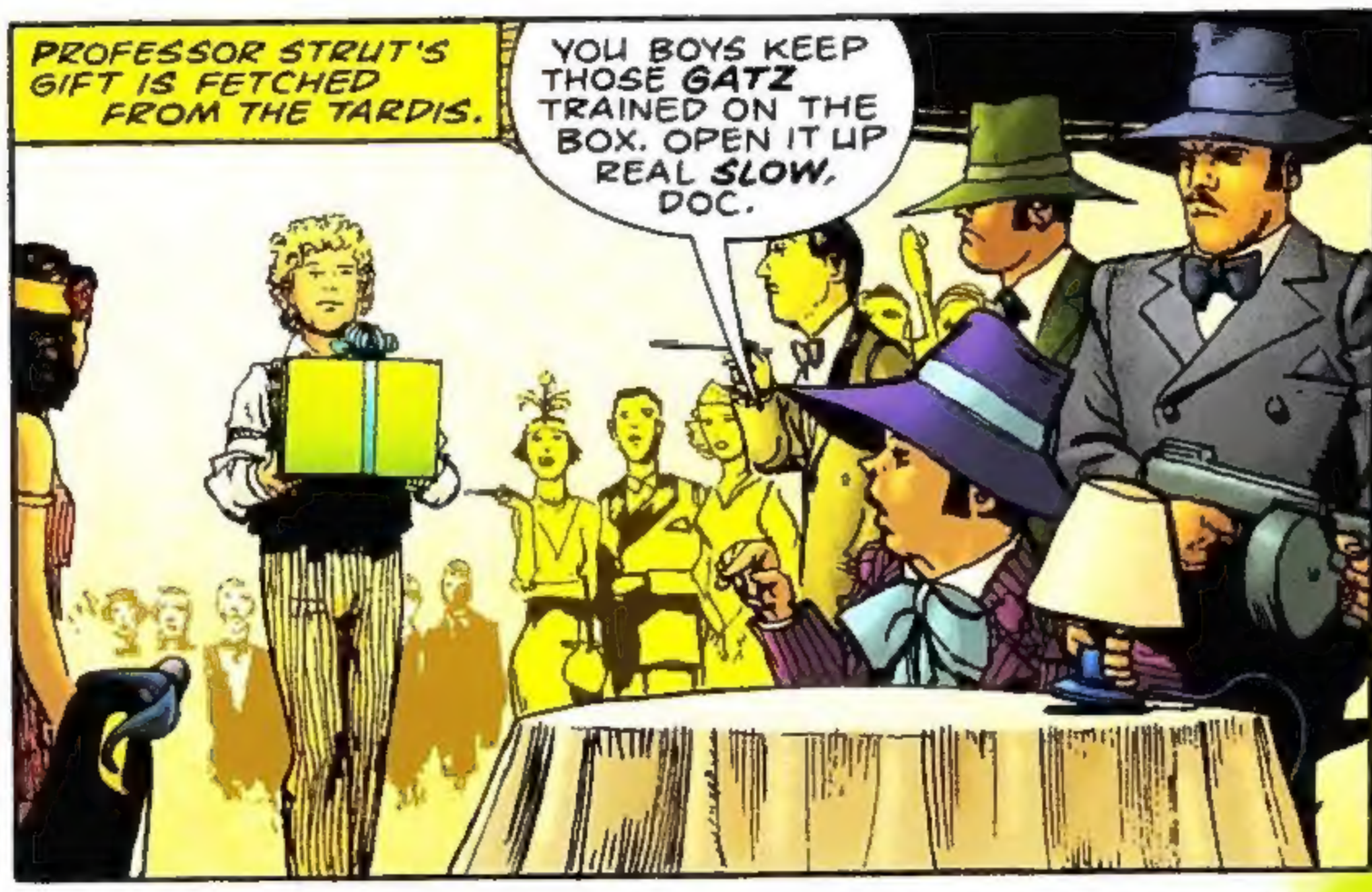

THE BEAT IS IRRESISTIBLE.
YEAH! SWEET MOVES, DADDY!
OUTTA SIGHT, DOC, OUTTA SIGHT!
HAVE ANOTHER SLUG OF JITTER SAUCE, CUTIE.
NO THANKS, I THINK I BETTER REST...
THE NIGHTS ARE LONG ON ZAZZ - AND PARTIES NEVER END BEFORE DAWN.

I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS...
I COULDN'T DANCE ANOTHER STEP.
EVERYBODY GROOVIN'?
IT'S A REAL COOL PARTY, LORDUKE BABY. HOW COME YOUR BROTHER'S SUCH A SQUARE?

MY BROTHER - WHADDYA KNOW ABOUT HIM..?
WE, Er, CALLED IN ON HIM BY ACCIDENT ON THE WAY HERE...

AW...Y'SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, DOC. HE'S IN EXILE. NO-ONE'S SUPPOSED T'SEE HIM. HE'S GOT NO SOUL... AND HE'S DANGEROUS.
DANGEROUS..? OR DIFFERENT?

I USED TO LET HIM DO HIS SCIENCE STUFF - HE SENT A ROCKET TO THE MOON ONCE. BUT HE CRASHED IT ON THE CITY AND WIPED OUT THE HI-DE-HO KLUB.
WELL, HE SENT YOU A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.


PROFESSOR STRUT'S GIFT IS FETCHED FROM THE TARDIS.
YOU BOYS KEEP THOSE GATZ TRAINED ON THE BOX. OPEN IT UP REAL SLOW, DOC.

WHA..?
I KNEW IT! BLAST THE FREAKIN' THING!
SPING!
YOW! A SPIDER FROM MARS!

OWW!
ZZIT!
CHAKKA CHAK

GREAT GALLIFREY! IT TOOK MY WATCH-CHAIN!
STOP IT! STOP IT!
KATZ IN SPATZ
KATZ IN SPATZ

LOOK OUT!
MY HORN! IT GOT MY HORN!

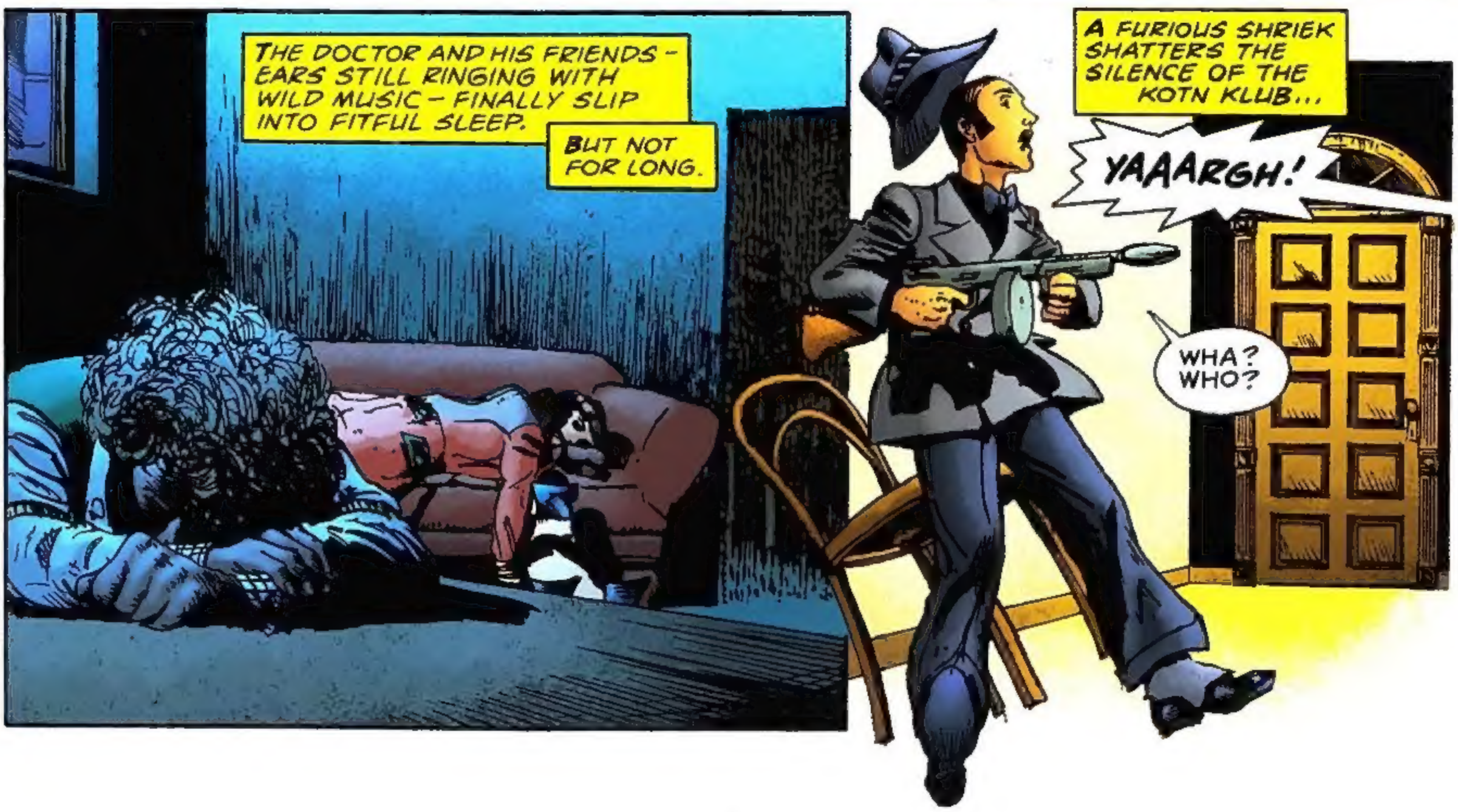
COME BACK HERE YOU... YOU... PARTY POOPER!
CHAKA CHAK

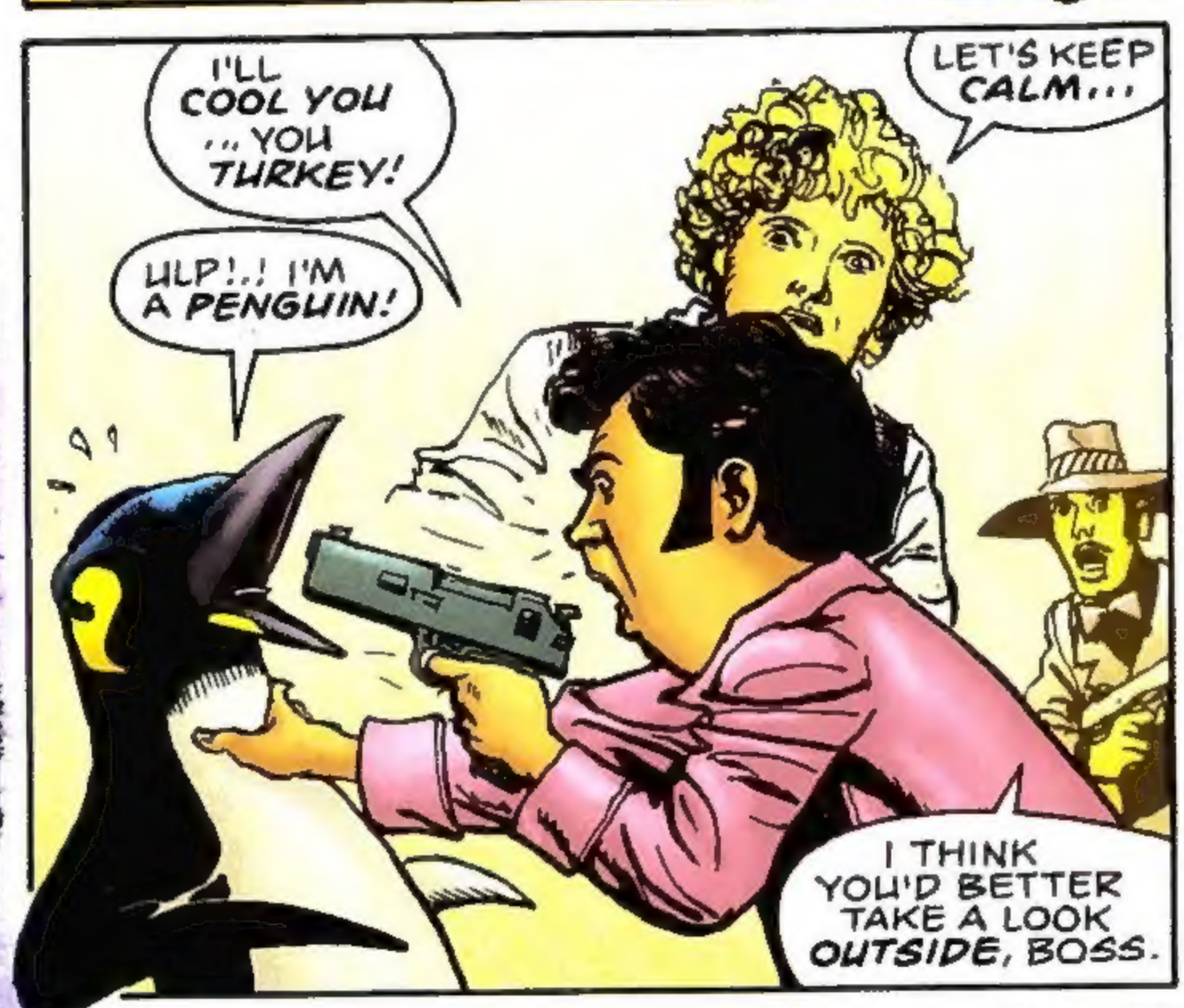
I TOLD YOU HE'S NOT TO BE TRUSTED! HE'S SPOILED MY FUN AGAIN. AS FOR YOU, DOC, I THOUGHT YOU'D'A KNOWN BETTER...
I'M SORRY...
I THINK HE'S A BIT CROSS.

OKAY, THE PARTY'S OVER. YOU BOYS GET AFTER THAT THING AND BRING IT BACK... IN PIECES!
I'LL TALK TO YOU, LATER. RIGHT NOW, I'M GOIN'TA SLEEP!
THANKS FOR A GREAT PARTY...

C'MON, LET'S GET BACK TO THE TARDIS SO I CAN GET OUT OF THIS RIDICULOUS FROCK...
Hmmm... I FEEL A BIT RESPONSIBLE. THINGS COULD GET A LOT WORSE HERE.
IT WAS A PRETTY GOOD JOKE, THOUGH.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHERE PROFESSOR STRUT COULD HAVE GOT SUCH A THING. THE TECHNOLOGY IS FAR IN ADVANCE OF HIS CAPA-BILITIES...
HEY... THE BOSS SAYS Y'GOTTA SLEEP IN HERE.
Oh, NO...


THE DOCTOR AND HIS FRIENDS - EARS STILL RINGING WITH WILD MUSIC - FINALLY SLIP INTO FITFUL SLEEP.
BUT NOT FOR LONG.
A FURIOUS SHRIEK SHATTERS THE SILENCE OF THE KOTN KLUB...
YAAARGH!
WHA? WHO?



WHILE THE KATZ OF ZAZZ SLEPT, ROBOTS HAVE BEEN MORE INDUSTRIOUS.

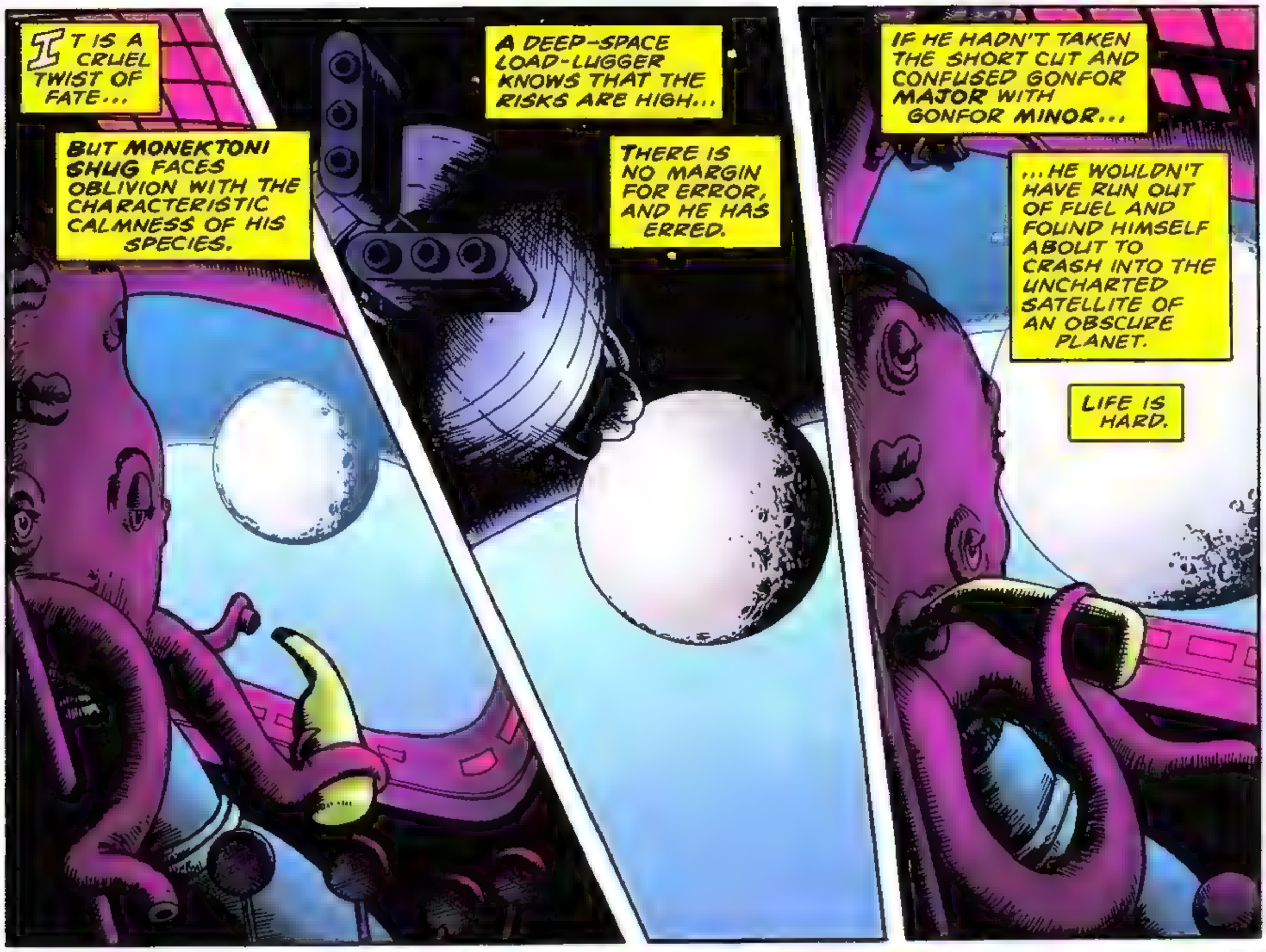
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. THEY'RE BREEDING. RIPPING MY CITY TO BITS!

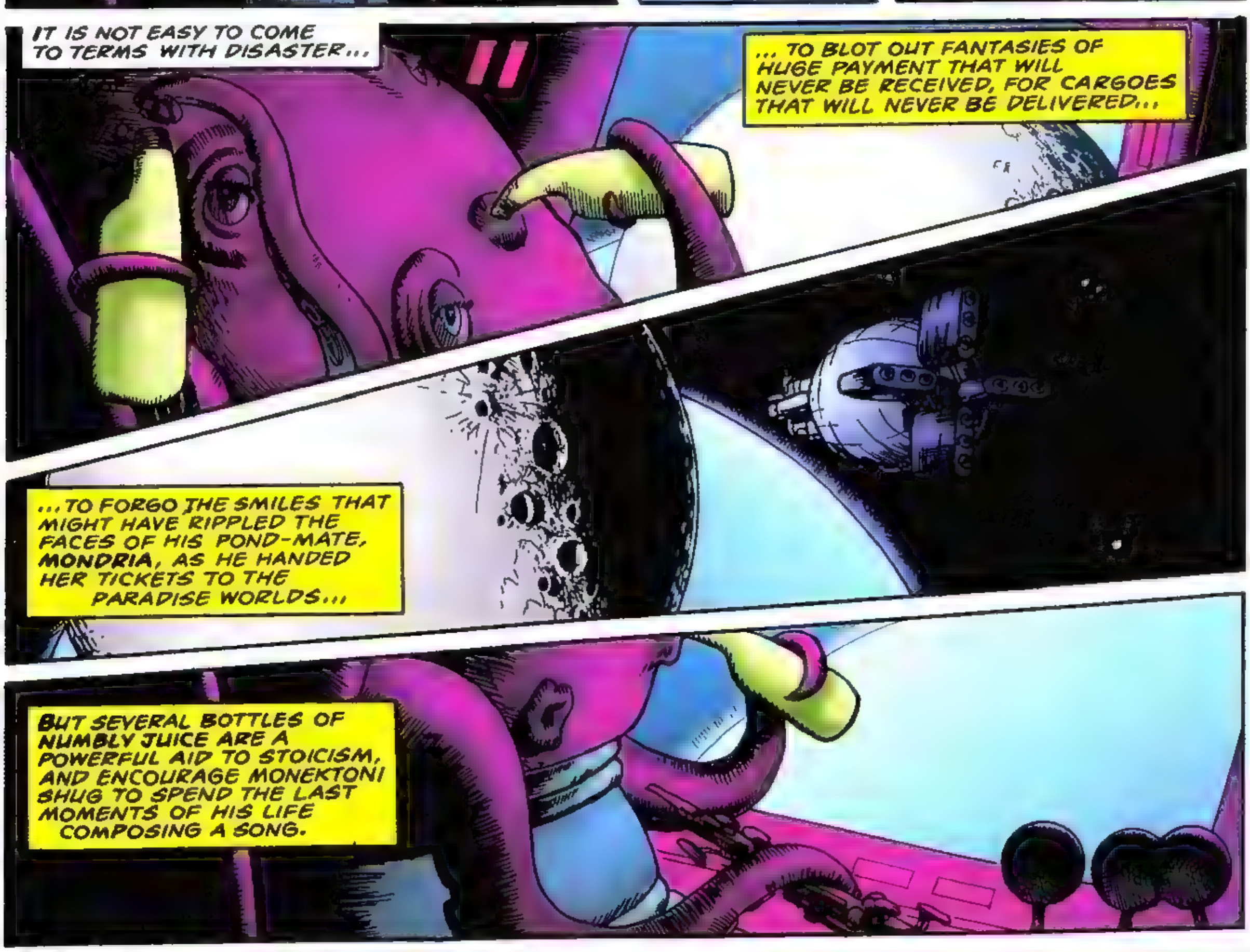
CAN ROBOTS BREED, DOCTOR?

SELF-REPLICATING SCAVENGER ROBOTS CAN. THEY'RE THE WORST KIND OF PLAGUE. THEY COULD OVERRUN THE PLANET.

I THINK WE SHOULD PAY A VISIT TO PROFESSOR STRUT. HE'S GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER. IF HE HASN'T ALREADY Er...TAKEN OFF.

TO BE CONTINUED!


IT IS A CRUEL TWIST OF FATE...
BUT MONEKTONI SHUG FACES OBLIVION WITH THE CHARACTERISTIC CALMNESS OF HIS SPECIES.
A DEEP-SPACE LOAD-LUGGER KNOWS THAT THE RISKS ARE HIGH...
THERE IS NO MARGIN FOR ERROR, AND HE HAS ERRED.
IF HE HADN'T TAKEN THE SHORT CUT AND CONFUSED GONFOR MAJOR WITH GONFOR MINOR...
...HE WOULDN'T HAVE RUN OUT OF FUEL AND FOUND HIMSELF ABOUT TO CRASH INTO THE UNCHARTED SATELLITE OF AN OBSCURE PLANET.
LIFE IS HARD.


IT IS NOT EASY TO COME TO TERMS WITH DISASTER...
... TO BLOT OUT FANTASIES OF HUGE PAYMENT THAT WILL NEVER BE RECEIVED, FOR CARGOES THAT WILL NEVER BE DELIVERED...
...TO FORGO THE SMILES THAT MIGHT HAVE RIPPLED THE FACES OF HIS POND-MATE, MONDRIA, AS HE HANDED HER TICKETS TO THE PARADISE WORLDS...
BUT SEVERAL BOTTLES OF NUMBLY JUICE ARE A POWERFUL AID TO STOICISM, AND ENCOURAGE MONEKTONI SHUG TO SPEND THE LAST MOMENTS OF HIS LIFE COMPOSING A SONG.

MEANWHILE, MANY YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, THE DOCTOR IS PICKING A BONE WITH PROFESSOR STRUT.

YOU ARE NOT FIT TO BE CALLED A SCIENTIST! YOU'RE RECKLESS, IRRESPONSIBLE AND STUPID!

B-BUT...

NOW, WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

THANKS TO YOU, THE PLANET ZAZZ IS BEING OVERRUN BY A PLAGUE OF SELF-REPLICATING ROBOTS...

PLAGUE? BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE. IT WAS MEANT TO BE A JOKE!

SEE ME LAUGHING?

BECAUSE YOU USED US TO DELIVER YOUR JOKE, YOUR BROTHER, THE LORDUKE, IS HOLDING PERI HOSTAGE.

SO, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS CRAZY ROCKET BLAST OFF WITHOUT YOU...

LAUNCH

NO-!

YOU'D BETTER TELL US EVERYTHING YOU KNOW!

THE ROBOT CAME BACK FROM THE MOON - IN A ROCK SAMPLE MY PROBE BROUGHT BACK.

THE ONE THAT CRASHED ON THE CITY...

I JUST REPAIRED ONE OF THE ROBOT'S ENERGY CELLS. THOUGHT IT WOULD GIVE MY BROTHER A FRIGHT... PAY HIM BACK...

SAVE ME FROM ALL IDIOTS! FROBISHER - STAY HERE AND MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T BLOW HIMSELF UP IN THAT... CONTRAPTION...

"I'M OFF TO THE MOON... WON'T BE LONG."

OH WELL, HOW ABOUT A SING-SONG TO PASS THE TIME?

I HATE MUSIC!

I'M A LONELY LOAD-LUGGER ON THE HIGH-WAYS OF INFINITY...

"I'LL USE THE TARDIS TO SCAN BACK IN TIME FROM THE PROBE'S LANDING CO-ORDINATES..."

MY THOUGHTS ARE FULL OF YOU MY LOVE, AND OUR RELATIVE PROXIMITY...

"THE SCAVENGER ROBOT MUST HAVE BEEN **BROUGHT** TO THE MOON SOMETIME..."

THOUGH SPACE IS WIDE, YOU'RE BY MY SIDE...

"ZERO MINUS TWO THOUSAND YEARS. SEEMS TO BE SOME-THING... NO, FALSE ALARM. THAT WAS A **NATURAL** CATASTROPHE..."

...AS I FACE THE GREAT **DIVINITY.**

"A-HA! **THIS** IS MORE LIKE IT. ZERO MINUS TWELVE THOUSAND YEARS... LET'S HAVE A LOOK."

MONEKTONI SHUG ISN'T SURE ABOUT THE SECOND LINE RHYME... BUT IT IS TOO LATE NOW.

THE GIFT

EPISODE TWO.

PERFECT, HERE IT COMES NOW, RIGHT ON TIME.

JAMIE DELANO SCRIPT • JOHN RIDGWAY ART • RICHARD S. LETTERS • SHEILA CRANNA EDITOR

Hmm... LOOKS LIKE A ZOFTON CARGO-LUGGER... HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THOSE FOR A LONG WHILE.

THE IMPACT WILL HAVE KILLED ANY ORGANIC LIFE FORMS ON BOARD, BUT THESE SHIPS DID CARRY PRIMITIVE ROBOTS.

I WONDER..?

"I THINK I'LL JUST SKIP FORWARD A BIT."

TIME PASSES. BUT IN THE MAINTENANCE BAY OF THE SHATTERED LUGGER AN INTELLIGENCE SURVIVES...

RISING FROM ITS NEST OF DEBRIS, THE CRIPPLED SERVOTRON STRUGGLES HEROICALLY TO FULFIL ITS PRIME DIRECTIVE...

SURVEY DAMAGE AND REPAIR.

LOGIC TELLS IT THAT FIRST IT MUST RESTORE EFFICIENCY TO ITS OWN MECHANISMS...

SCAVENGING PARTS FROM THE SURROUNDING DEVASTATION, THE PHYSICIAN HEALS ITSELF.

THE DAMAGE INVENTORY TAKES TWO YEARS TO COMPILE. BUT A BASIC MODEL SERVOTRON DOES NOT THINK IN TERMS OF TIME.

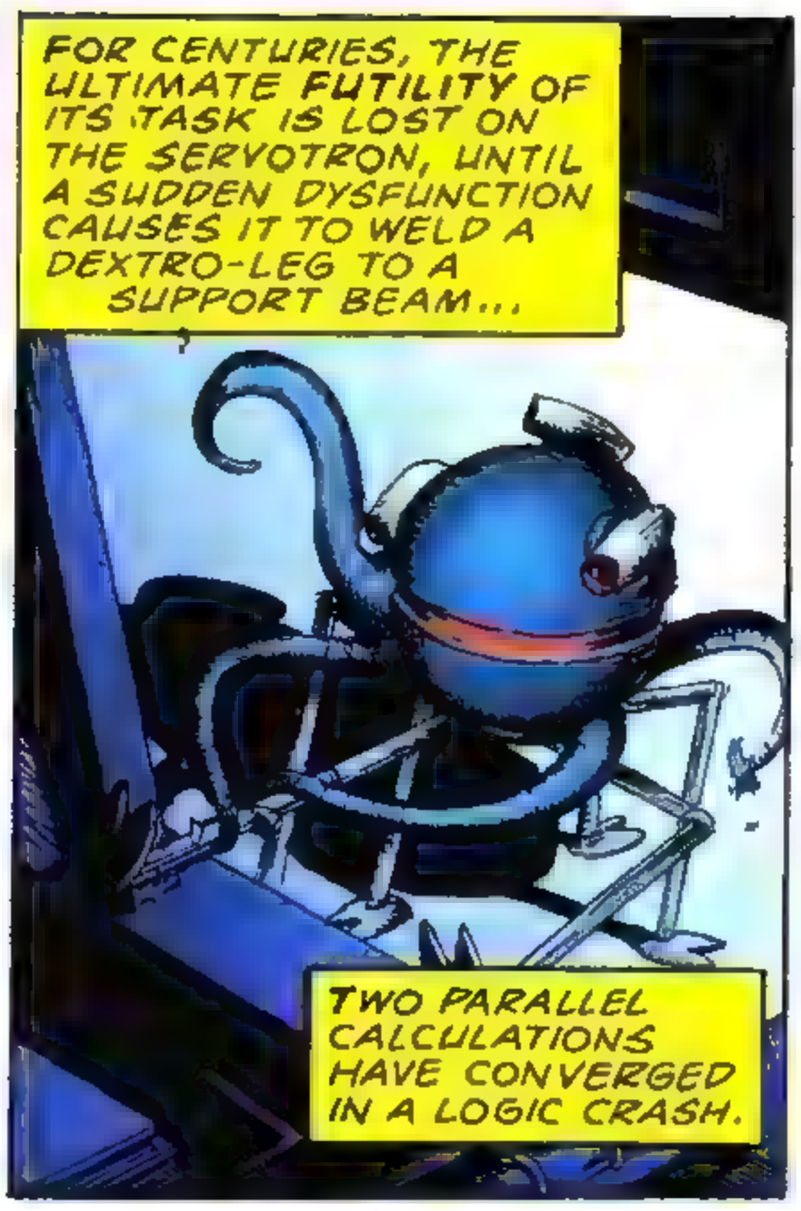
IT BEGINS WITH BEGINNINGS AND PROCEEDS TO FULL OPERATING EFFICIENCY.

WITH PARTS SALVAGED FROM THE LUGGER'S ELECTRONIC CARGO, IT REPAIRS THE RADARSCOPES AND DISTRESS BEACON...

...AND WITHIN A YEAR, IS READY TO APPLY ITSELF TO THE SHIP'S STRUCTURAL DAMAGE...

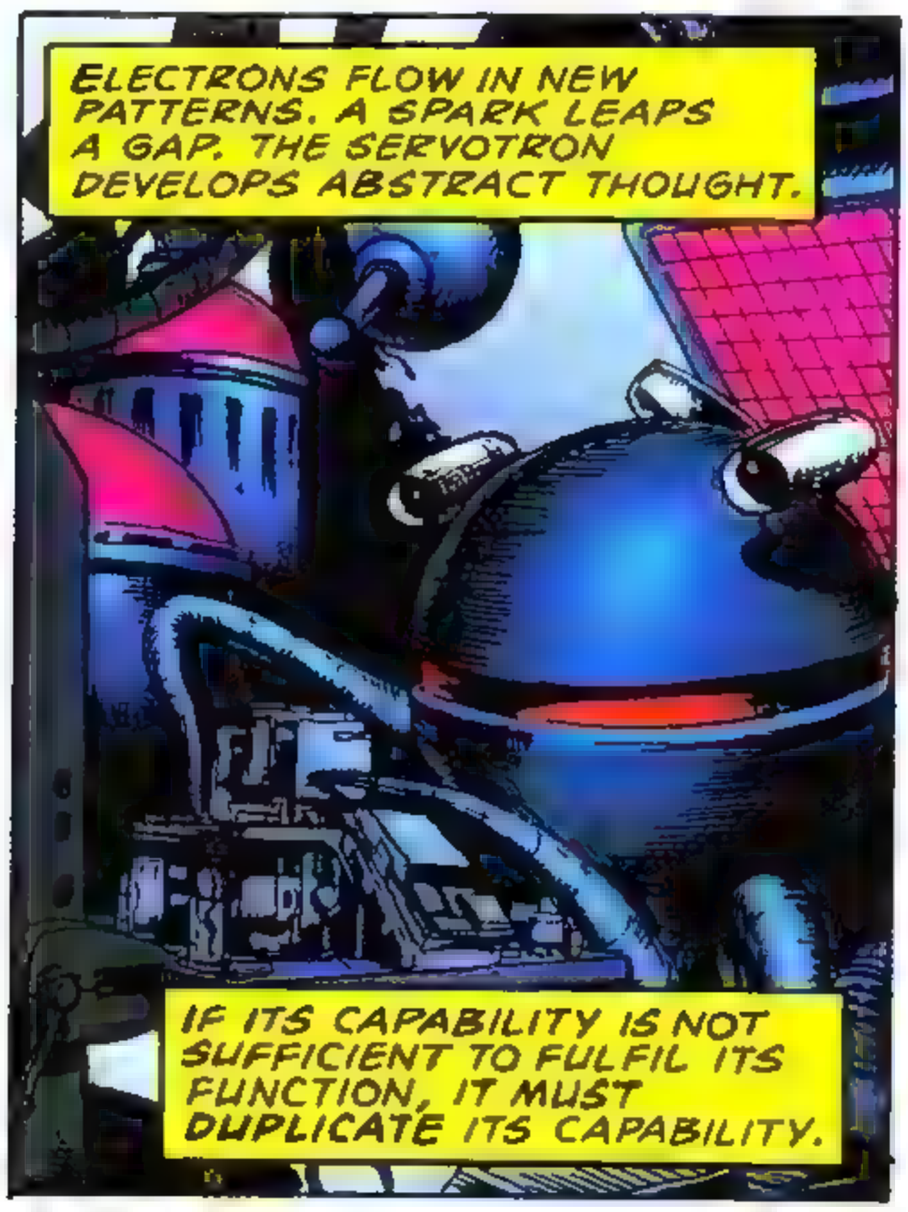
THE SERVOTRON HAS BARELY EMBARKED UPON ITS GIGANTIC LABOURS, WHEN IT DETECTS A SUDDEN PRESENCE...
11950 65 YEARS
Ah, MOVEMENT! BUT IT'S ONLY A PRIMITIVE MAINTENANCE ROBOT, THE SCAVENGERS ARE FAR MORE ADVANCED. THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING.

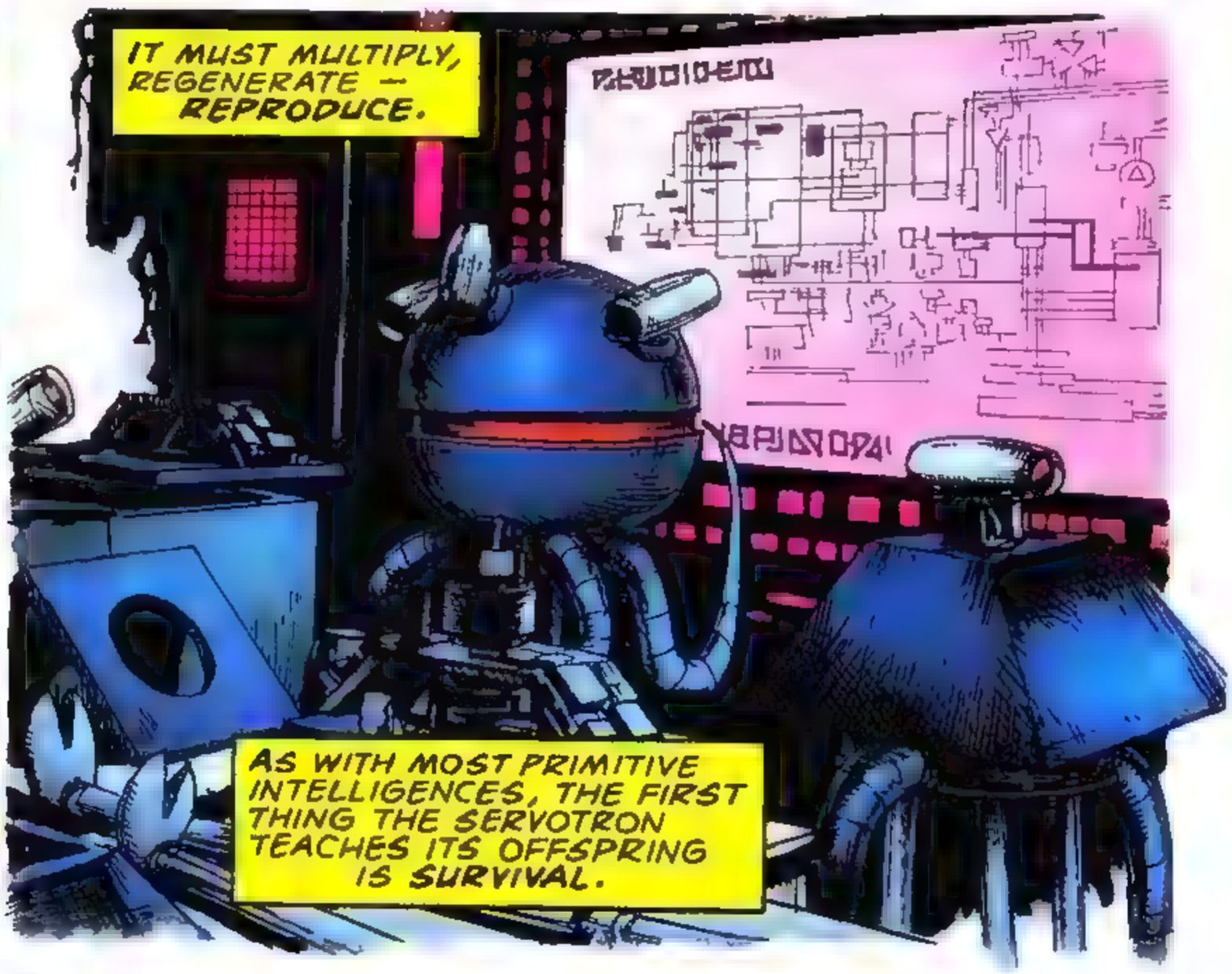
"ONWARD, EVER ONWARD."
WOOP!
WOOP!
THE PRESENCE IS AS QUICKLY GONE AGAIN. THE SERVOTRON FILES IT UNDER ANOMALY. AND CONTINUES ITS PATIENT TOIL.


FOR CENTURIES, THE ULTIMATE FUTILITY OF ITS TASK IS LOST ON THE SERVOTRON, UNTIL A SUDDEN DYSFUNCTION CAUSES IT TO WELD A DEXTRO-LEG TO A SUPPORT BEAM...
TWO PARALLEL CALCULATIONS HAVE CONVERGED IN A LOGIC CRASH.

ACCORDING TO ITS COMPUTATIONS, IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED ONLY TWO PER CENT RESTORATION, BUT SUSTAINED SEVENTY PER CENT WEAR AND DEGENERATION OF CAPACITY.
THE TASK IS BEYOND THE DURATION OF ITS EFFICIENCY.

SHOCKED INTO STASIS LASTING SEVERAL YEARS, THE SERVOTRON STRUGGLES TO RECONCILE THE EQUATION.
SLOWLY, IT BEGINS TO COMPREHEND AN INDEFINITE QUALITY OF EXISTENCE.
TIME. THERE IS NOT ENOUGH TIME.


ELECTRONS FLOW IN NEW PATTERNS. A SPARK LEAPS A GAP. THE SERVOTRON DEVELOPS ABSTRACT THOUGHT.
IF ITS CAPABILITY IS NOT SUFFICIENT TO FULFIL ITS FUNCTION, IT MUST DUPLICATE ITS CAPABILITY.


IT MUST MULTIPLY, REGENERATE — REPRODUCE.
AS WITH MOST PRIMITIVE INTELLIGENCES, THE FIRST THING THE SERVOTRON TEACHES ITS OFFSPRING IS SURVIVAL.

GREAT GALLIFREY! IT'S ASTOUNDING. MECHANICAL EVOLUTION!

AFTER TWENTY GENERATIONS OF LOGICAL SELECTION AND ADAPTATION, THE DESCENDANTS OF THE HUMBLE SERVOTRON HAVE ACHIEVED A FUNCTIONING CIVILISATION.

THEY HAVE ALL THEY NEED. CONSTANT SOLAR POWER, A STABLE, RESTORABLE POPULATION...

THIS MAKES THINGS AWKWARD. IF A MACHINE BECOMES SENTIENT, RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS OWN DESTINY, IS IT THEN ALIVE?!

IF SO, HOW CAN I MORALLY CONTEMPLATE DESTROYING A SPECIES?

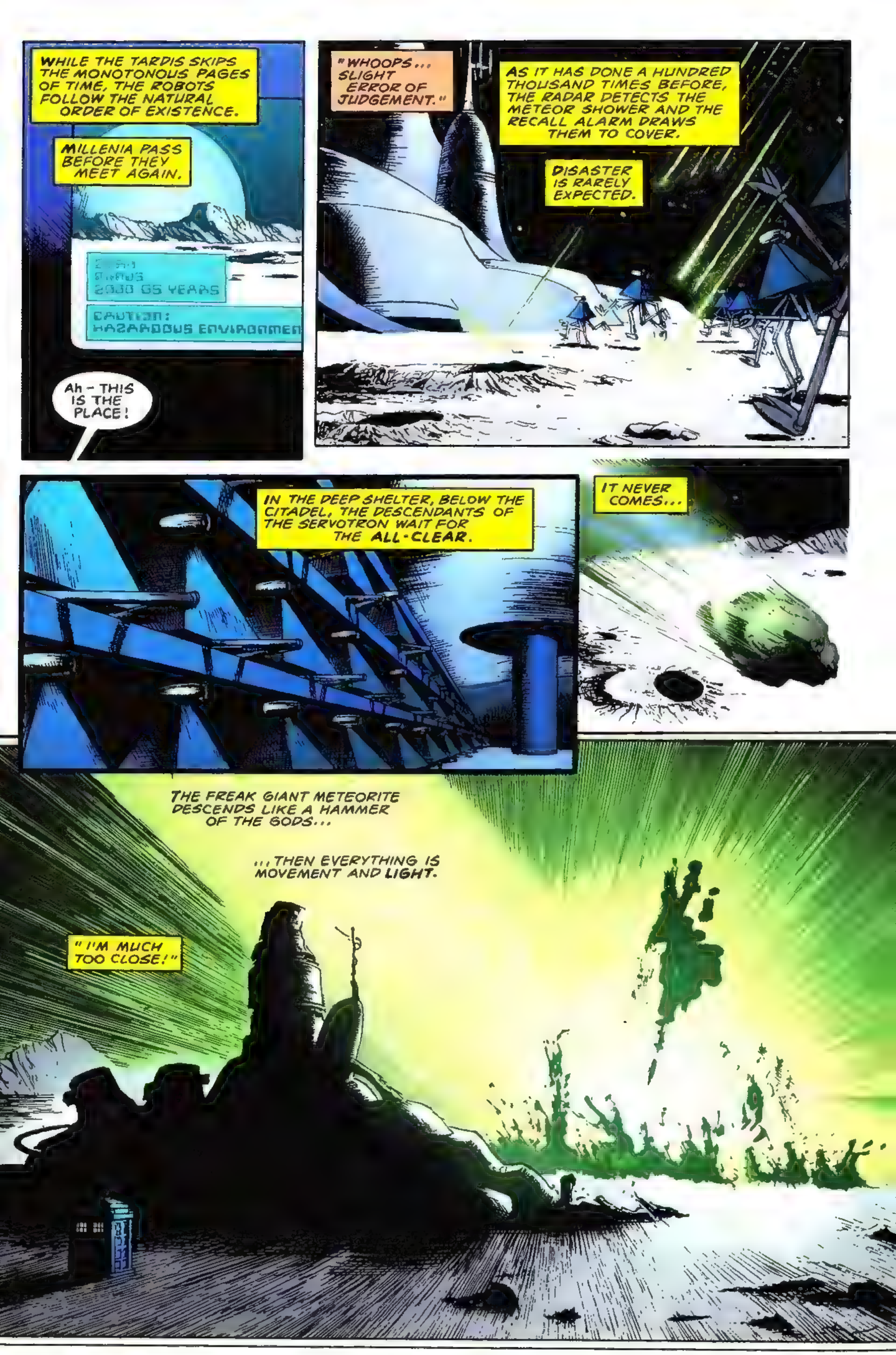
...CONSTRUCTION SKILLS, RAW MATERIALS, AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY...

...AN INSTINCT FOR SELF-PRESERVATION.

SOMETHING MUST HAVE LAID THEM LOW, THOUGH. ALL THIS CERTAINLY WASN'T IN EVIDENCE AT THE TIME OF THE MOON-PROBE.

MAYBE SOME NATURAL CATASTROPHE, LIKE THE ONE I PASSED...

NOW, WHEN WAS THAT?


WHILE THE TARDIS SKIPS THE MONOTONOUS PAGES OF TIME, THE ROBOTS FOLLOW THE NATURAL ORDER OF EXISTENCE.
MILLENIA PASS BEFORE THEY MEET AGAIN.
2030 65 YEARS
CAUTION: HAZARDOUS ENVIRONMEN
Ah - THIS IS THE PLACE!
"WHOOPS... SLIGHT ERROR OF JUDGEMENT."
AS IT HAS DONE A HUNDRED THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE, THE RADAR DETECTS THE METEOR SHOWER AND THE RECALL ALARM DRAWS THEM TO COVER.
DISASTER IS RARELY EXPECTED.
IN THE DEEP SHELTER, BELOW THE CITADEL, THE DESCENDANTS OF THE SERVOTRON WAIT FOR THE ALL-CLEAR.
IT NEVER COMES...
THE FREAK GIANT METEORITE DESCENDS LIKE A HAMMER OF THE GODS...
...THEN EVERYTHING IS MOVEMENT AND LIGHT.
"I'M MUCH TOO CLOSE!"

THE MIGHTY BLAST SUBSIDES AND THE TARDIS RIDES OUT THE STORM — SHAKEN BUT UNSCATHED...

NOT SO THE CITADEL.

IT LIES BURIED UNDER TONS OF DISPLACED RUBBLE.

"WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A **NEAR MISS!**"

"WELL, **THAT** WAS A NATURAL CATASTROPHE, ALL RIGHT. BUT IT WASN'T A **DIRECT** HIT. ROBOTS COULD HAVE SURVIVED THE SHOCKWAVE..."

"NOW, **WHERE** DID I PUT THAT OLD **NASA** PRESSURE SUIT?"

CLOUDS OF DUST, SUSPENDED IN THE MINIMAL GRAVITY, DRAW A SOMBRE VEIL OF AFTERMATH ACROSS THE SCENE.

IF SOME **DID** SURVIVE, THEN THERE MUST BE SOME **OTHER** REASON FOR THEIR FAILURE TO RECOVER.

BELOW, IN THE RUPTURED SHELTER, THE SURVIVORS ASSESS THE DAMAGE — PRIORITY ONE IS **ENERGY.**

THIS IMPERATIVE TRIGGERS THEM UPWARDS TOWARD THE LIGHT, LIKE GERMINATING, METALLIC SEEDS.

THEY SCRABBLE FOR THE SURFACE.

ENERGY EXPENDITURE IS HIGH, BUT WITHOUT SOLAR POWER TO FUEL THEM, THEY FACE **PERMANENT SHUTDOWN.**

MOST FALL INTO STASIS ALONG THE WAY. BUT SOME FINALLY SHOVE ASIDE THE LAST LOOSE ROCKS.

DESPERATELY THEY SCAN FOR THE SUN, BUT FIND ONLY **TWILIGHT...**

AND A VAGUE ALIEN FORM IN THE FOG, WHICH, AS THE DARKNESS OF EXHAUSTION FOLDS AROUND THEM, THEY RESPOND TO AS **RAW MATERIAL...**

WHA-?

TO BE CONTINUED!

THE DOCTOR AND HIS COMPANIONS CAME TO THE PLANET ZAZZ TO RELAX, TO PARTY AND TO HAVE FUN.

I WISH I WAS A SPACEMAN...

BUT THIS WAS NOT TO BE.

INSTEAD, THEY STUMBLED INTO AN INSANE FEUD BETWEEN THE DERANGED PROFESSOR STRUT AND HIS MUSIC-LOVING BROTHER, THE LORDUKE OF ZAZZ.

THE FASTEST GUY ALIVE...

NO MORE! STOP IT. PLEASE!

NOW, ON EXILE ISLAND, THE PROFESSOR'S BASTION OF SCIENCE, FROBISHER TORMENTS THE CRAZED SCIENTIST WITH SONG.

I'D FLY YOU ROUND THE UNIVERSE IN FIREBALL XL5.

I HATE MUSIC.

MEANWHILE, IN THE BELEAGUERED KOTN KLUB, PERI TRIES TO SOOTHE THE LORDUKE'S TEMPER WITH MUSIC.

MOON RIV-ER, WID-ER THAN A MILE...

HELD HOSTAGE AGAINST THE DOCTOR'S RETURN, SHE SINGS OLD SONGS, WHILE OUTSIDE, THE SELF-REPLICATING SCAVENGER ROBOTS DISMANTLE THE CITY OF HALM.

DON'T STOP. KEEP SINGING.

IT'S A DREAM, A NIGHTMARE. WHERE IS THE DOCTOR? HE PROMISED HE WOULDN'T BE LONG...

I'M CROSS-ING YOU IN STYLE...

IT TAKES MY MIND OFF OF THOSE THINGS.

...AND TIME IS RUNNING OUT.

THE DOCTOR'S DESPERATE SEARCH FOR A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF THE SCAVENGERS HAS LED HIM PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO DISASTER ON ZAZZ'S MOON.

NNNNNN... THEY *ATTACKED* ME... BUT I'M STILL ALIVE.

WHY'S THAT? THEY SURVIVED THE IMPACT OF THE *METEOR*, DUG THEMSELVES OUT OF THE RUBBLE ALL RIGHT. THEY DON'T *SEEM* DAMAGED.

BUT THEY'RE *DORMANT*.

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER UNLESS...

OF COURSE. *ENERGY EXHAUSTION*. THERE'S NO *SUNLIGHT* TO REPLENISH THEM.

GOOD JOB TOO! IF THEIR LASERS HAD BEEN AT *FULL* POWER, I'D BE *DEAD*.

THAT *MUST* BE IT. AS THIS DUST SETTLES IT COVERS THEIR *SOLAR RECEPTORS*. SO, EVEN WHEN THE AIR *CLEARS*, THEY'LL HAVE NO WAY OF REACTIVATING THEMSELVES.

THEY MUST LIE HERE FOR THE NEXT TWO THOUSAND YEARS – UNTIL THE PROF'S PROBE SCOOPS ONE UP AND TAKES IT BACK TO ZAZZ.

INCREDIBLE!

THE GIFT

EPISODE THREE.

BUT THIS DOESN'T REALLY HELP THE SITUATION ON ZAZZ.

EVEN THOUGH WE KNOW THEIR WEAKNESS, THERE'LL BE *FAR* TOO MANY TO TACKLE ONE BY ONE.

JAMIE DELANO • SCRIPT
JOHN RIDGWAY • ART
RICHARD S. • LETTERS
SHEILA CRANNA • EDITOR

FAR TOO RISKY TO LET THEM ON BOARD THE *TARDIS*.

BUT THERE *MIGHT* BE ANOTHER WAY...

VWOORPVWOORP!

GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR TOM. AH, ABOUT TIME!
WWORP

DID YOU SORT IT OUT THEN, DOC?
...NOT EXACTLY. NOW, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THIS CONTRAPTION.

I'LL HAVE TO CHECK YOUR MATHEMATICS — AND THERE ARE SOME OBVIOUS ALTERATIONS TO BE MADE.

IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IT COULD JUST WORK.
WHAT COULD, DOC?

PROFESSOR, I DID YOU AN INJUSTICE. YOUR ROCKET'S NOT TOTALLY USELESS. IT COULD JUST FLY.

IT WILL WORK, IT WILL. I'M A RADICAL GENIUS!
WE'RE DOOMED FOR SURE.
HUMANS WOULD NEVER SURVIVE THE SHOCK, BUT ROBOTS...

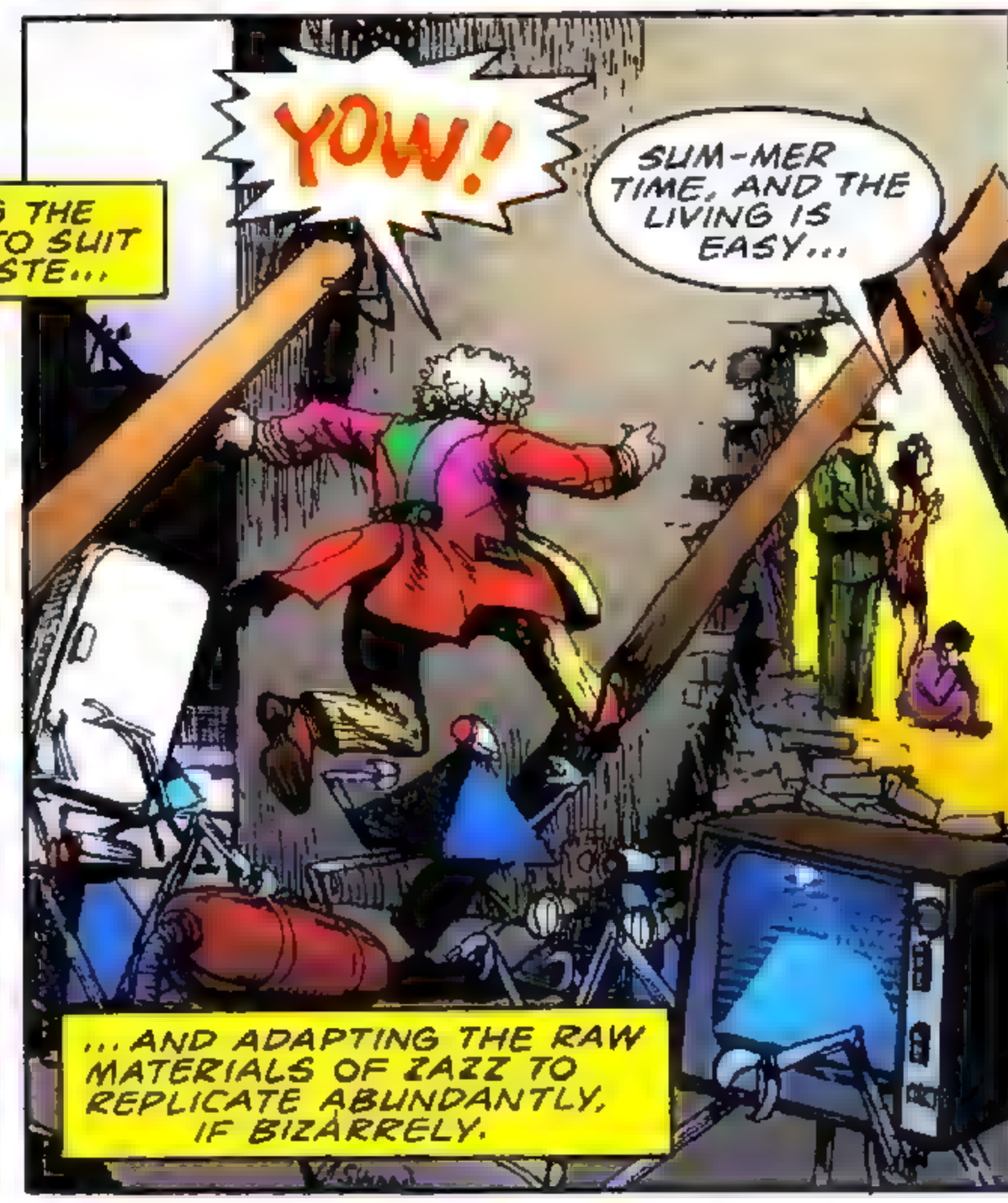
RIGHT, FROBISHER, YOU'LL HAVE TO SUPERVISE THE PROFESSOR, PROGRAMME THE GUIDANCE SYSTEM WITH CO-ORDINATES FOR A MOON LANDING AND INSTALL THIS TRANSMITTER INSIDE THE ROCKET.

IS THAT ALL?

DOC, WHY DO I GET THE FEELING WE'RE CLUTCHING AT STRAWS?
HAVE FAITH, MY LITTLE PENGUIN CHUM. HAVE FAITH.

AND DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE TIME TO GET CLEAR BEFORE BLAST OFF!
RIGHT THEN, PROF. LET'S GET STARTED.

DURING THE DOCTOR'S ABSENCE, THE SCAVENGERS HAVE RENDERED HALM UNRECOGNISABLE...
RESTRUCTURING THE ENVIRONMENT TO SUIT THEIR OWN TASTE...
POLICE BOX


YOW!
SUM-MER TIME, AND THE LIVING IS EASY...
...AND ADAPTING THE RAW MATERIALS OF ZAZZ TO REPLICATE ABUNDANTLY, IF BIZARRELY.

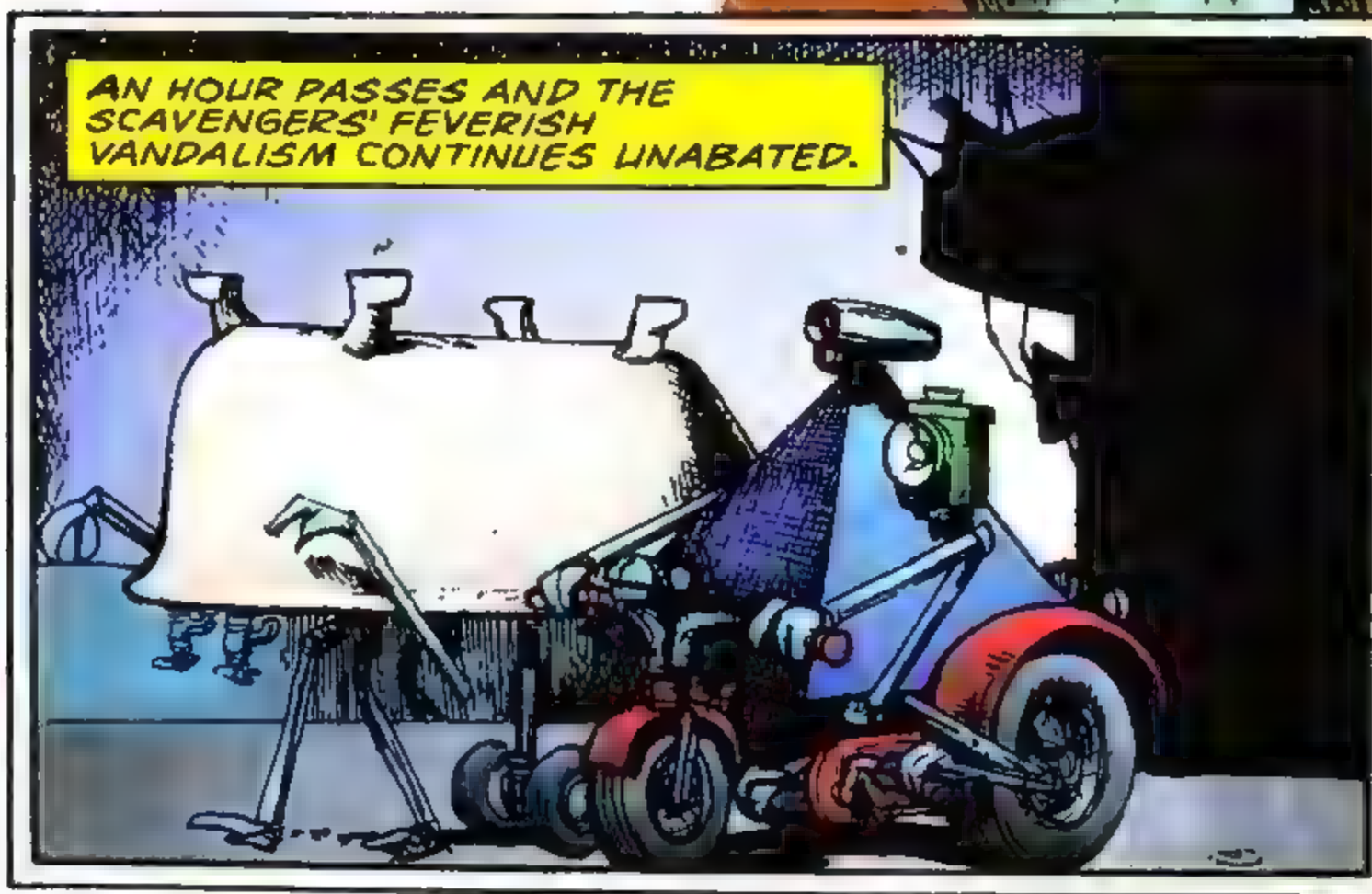
THE KATZ OF ZAZZ ARE VERY BLUE.
FISH ARE JUMPIN' AND THE COTTON IS HIGH...
CLAP CLAP
BRAVO! BRAVO!

DOCTOR, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE SUNG THROUGH PORGY AND BESS SO MANY TIMES I SOUND LIKE PAUL ROBESON!
DIDJA SEE WHAT THEY DID T'MY CITY? DIDJA?

WELL, DID YOU FIND AN ANSWER?
I THINK SO. IT'S A BIT CLUMSY BUT IT SHOULD WORK.

IT'D BETTER WORK! OR YOU AN' ME ARE GONNA STOP BEING FRIENDS!
BEST KEEP OUR FINGERS CROSSED THEN.

ANY MOMENT NOW FROBISHER SHOULD START TRANSMITTING A SIGNAL THAT WILL CALL THE SCAVENGERS TO EXILE ISLAND.
HA, I LIKE IT! GIVE THAT LOOPY BROTHER OF MINE A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE.


AN HOUR PASSES AND THE SCAVENGERS' FEVERISH VANDALISM CONTINUES UNABATED.

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG. THE SIGNAL'S PROBABLY TOO WEAK.
THIS IS BAD. NOW WE CAN'T EVEN GET INTO THE TARDIS. IF THE SCAVENGERS SNEAK INSIDE THEY COULD END UP ANYWHERE!

HELPLESSLY, THEY WATCH THE DESTRUCTIVE MULTIPLICATION OF THE METAL VERMIN.

'TO SEE THE TOWNSFOLK SUFFER SO FROM VERMIN WAS A PITY. RATS! THEY FOUGHT THE DOGS AND KILLED THE CATS...'

'MADE NESTS INSIDE MEN'S SUNDAY HATS, AND EVEN SPOILED THE WOMEN'S CHATS, BY DROWNING THEIR SPEAKING WITH SHRIEKING AND SQUEAKING...'

FIRST, WE GET TOGETHER AS MANY MUSICIANS AS POSSIBLE.
I WANT THE LOUDEST MARCHING BAND THIS TOWN HAS EVER HEARD

LET'S SEE... I THINK I CAN COMPOSE A PIECE THAT WILL APPROXIMATE THE RECALL ALARM FREQUENCY.

IF WE CAN LEAD THEM OUT OF THE CITY AND WITHIN RANGE OF THE TRANSMITTER, WE HAVE A CHANCE!
BARP!

THIS IS GETTING CRAZIER AND CRAZIER!
YOU SAID IT, SISTER. WOULD YOU CARE FOR A LITTLE ANAESTHETIC?

I DON'T MIND IF I DO. I EXPECT I'LL WAKE UP SOON, ANYWAY.
THERE. IT'S NOT COUNT BASIE, BUT I THINK IT'LL ENTERTAIN THE SCAVENGERS.

OKAY, BOYS, LET'S GIVE IT A TRY. TAKE IT FROM THE TOP. ONE, TWO, A ONE TWO THREE FOUR —
TO BE CONTINUED!

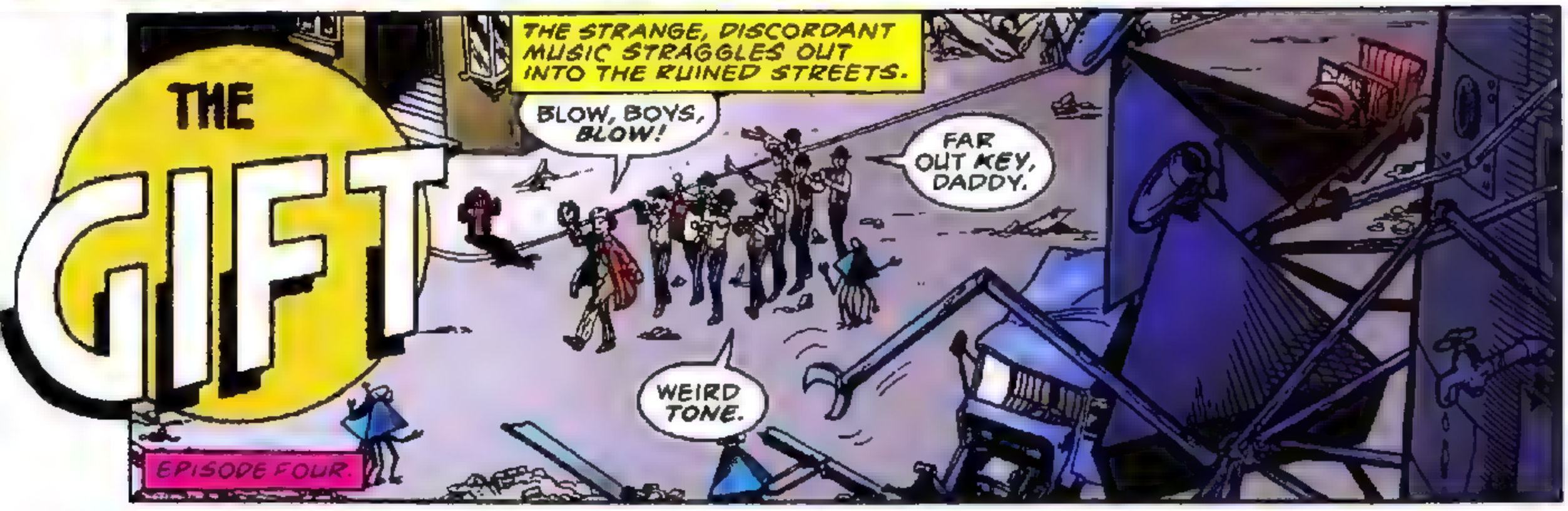
ON THE PLANET ZAZZ, FACED WITH AN ALL BUT HOPELESS SITUATION, THE DOCTOR RESORTS TO DESPERATE MEASURES.

THE KOZIBBAL

YAAARGH! LONGHAIR MUSIC!

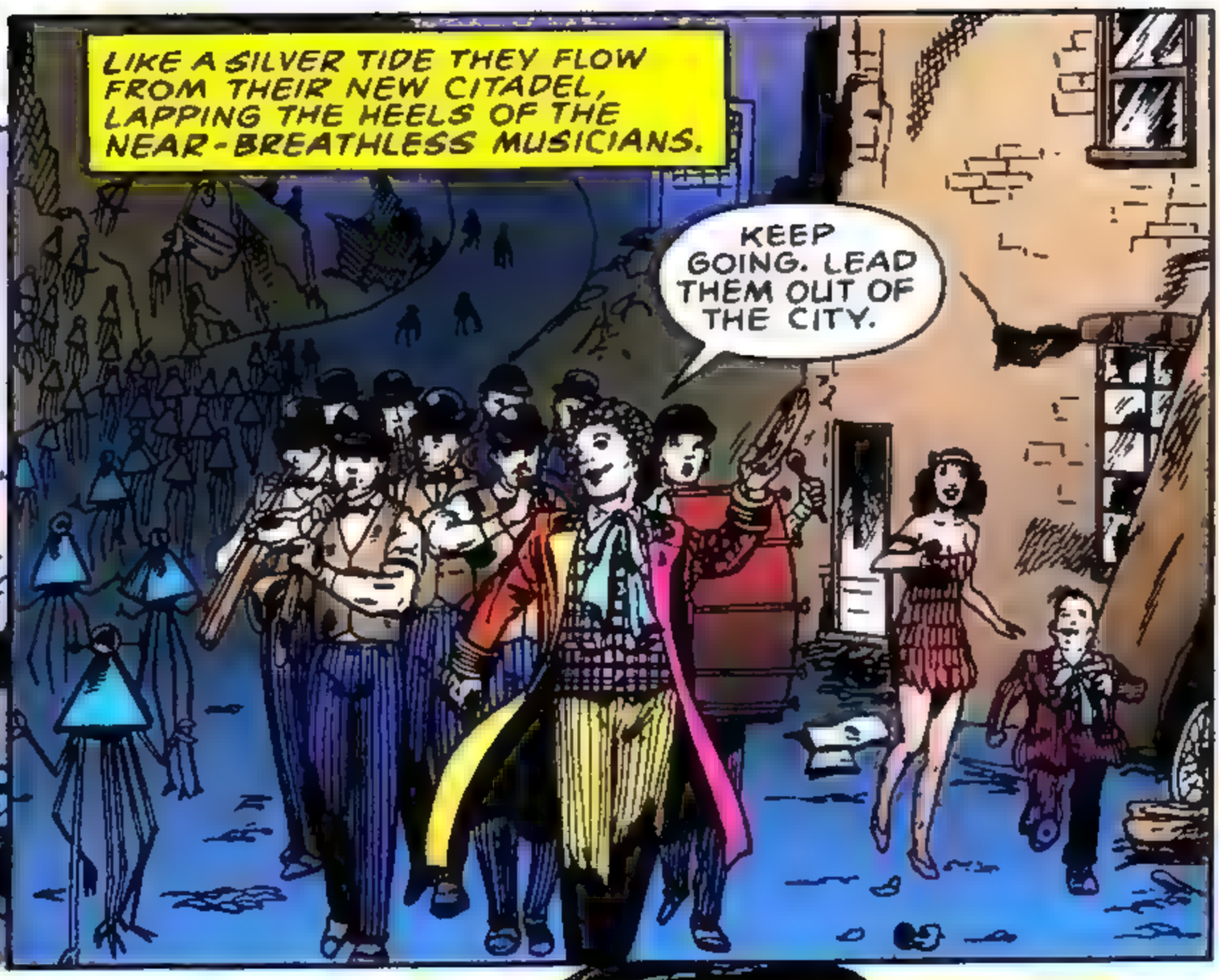
THE PIED PIPER RID THE TOWN OF HAMLIN OF A SCOURGE OF RATS WITH MUSIC —

IT MIGHT JUST WORK WITH THE ROBOTS IN HALM.



JAMIE DELANO SCRIPT • JOHN RIDGWAY PENCILS • TIM PERKINS INKS • RICHARD STARKINGS LETTERS • SHEILA CRANNA EDITOR

THE WILD 'MUSIC' TRIGGERS THE SHARED MEMORY OF DANGER IMPRINTED ON THEIR CIRCUITS.


LIKE A SILVER TIDE THEY FLOW FROM THEIR NEW CITADEL, LAPPING THE HEELS OF THE NEAR-BREATHLESS MUSICIANS.
KEEP GOING. LEAD THEM OUT OF THE CITY.

RUSTLING, JOSTLING, CLATTERING FROM EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY...
IT'S WORKING, IT'S WORKING!

...THEY MUST FOLLOW THE 'METEOR ALARM' TO SANCTUARY.
NOW I KNOW I'M DREAMING!

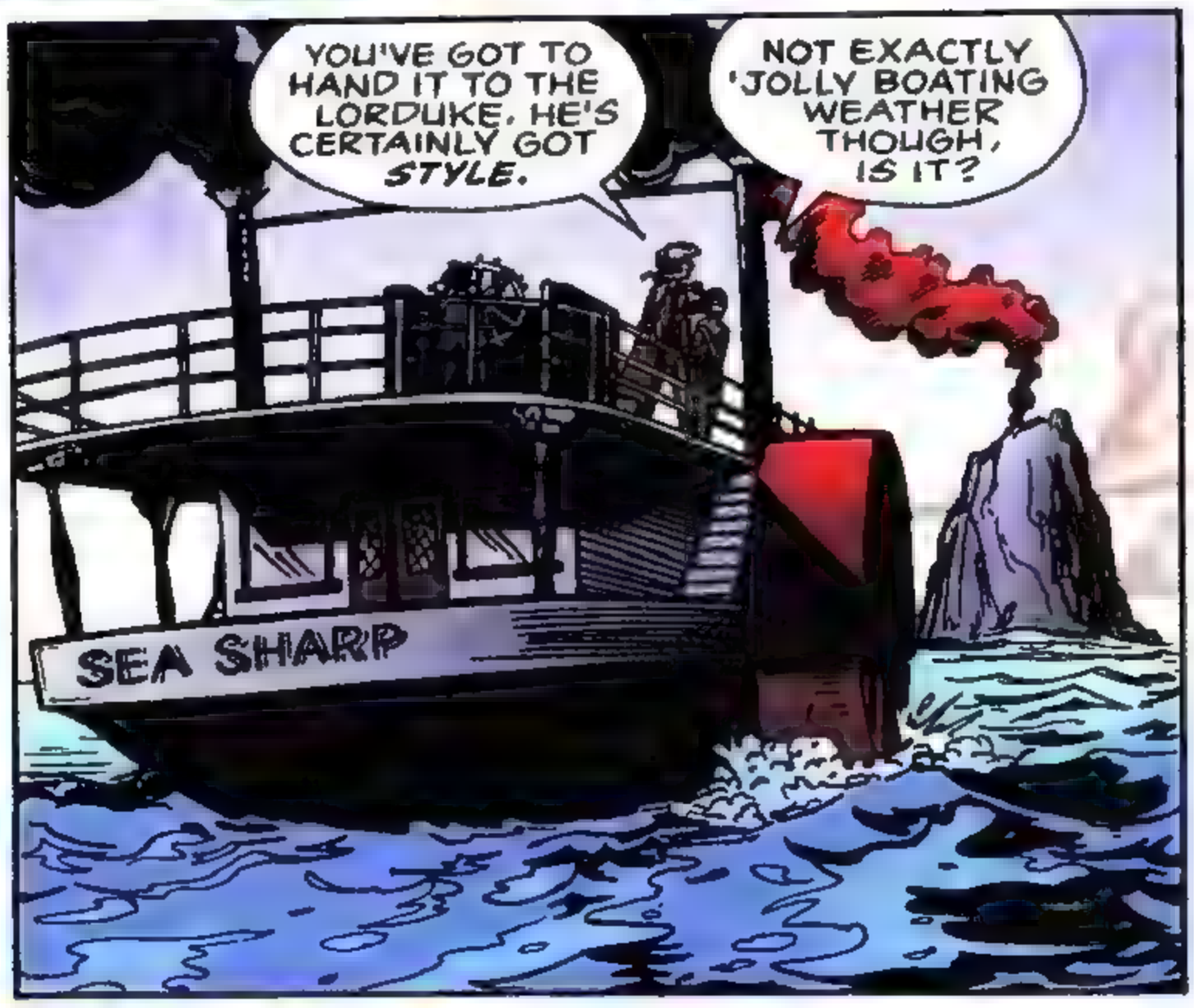
IN AUTOMATIC PANIC, THE SCAVENGERS SURGE, SCRABBLING FROM THE RUINS...

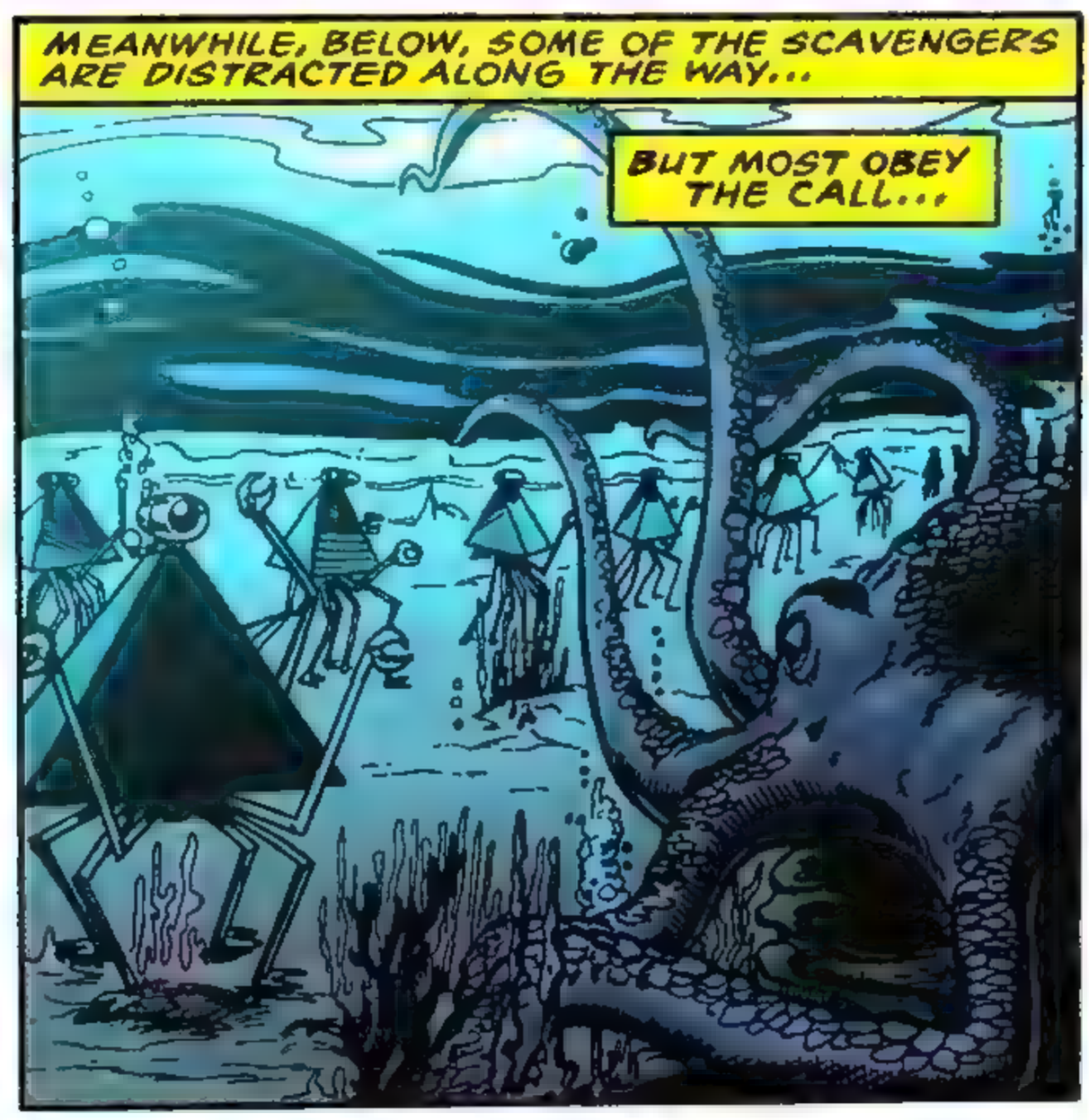
AND ONWARDS, CHASING THE ELUSIVE MUSIC TO THE SEA.
OKAY BOYS, TAKE A BREATHER. THAT'S THE PROFESSOR'S ISLAND. WE MUST BE IN RANGE OF THE TRANSMITTER BY NOW.

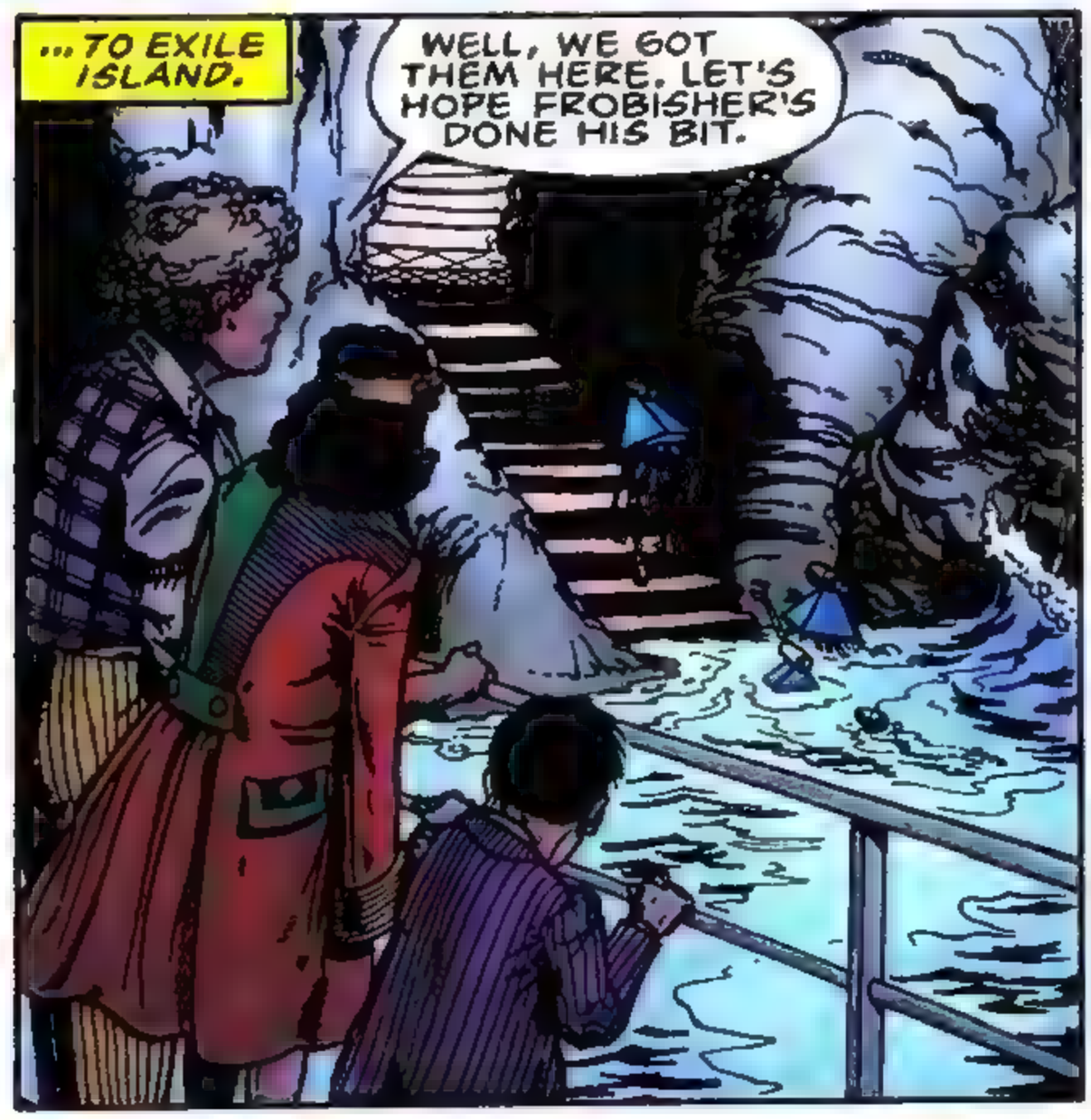
YES! THE SIGNAL'S GOT THEM. THEY'RE GOING ON TO THE ISLAND.

JUST LIKE LEMMINGS.

I THOUGHT LEMMINGS WERE FRUIT!







WELL, HAVE YOU MADE THE ALTERATIONS LIKE THE DOCTOR ORDERED?

YES, AND I ADMIT I'LL FEEL A LOT SAFER FLYING IT NOW. HE'S A VERY CLEVER MAN.

IT WAS GOOD OF HIM TO OVERLOOK MY LITTLE *JOKE*. OF COURSE, AS A FELLOW SCIENTIST, I'M *SURE* HE RECOGNISED THE IMPORTANCE OF MY WORK.

THERE MUST BE *PROGRESS*.

Hmm...

NEVER MIND ALL THAT NOW. YOU'VE JUST GOT TIME TO RIG UP THE REMOTE LAUNCHER BEFORE THE DOC GETS BACK.

RIGHT!

OKAY, PROF. VOLCANO DETONATION CHARGES SET AND PRIMED?

CHECK.

LUNAR TRAJECTORY PLOTTED..?

CHECK.

LAUNCH DELAY PROGRAMMED?

CHECK.

THIS IS A *GREAT* DAY. I'M GOING TO BE THE FIRST MAN OF ZAZZ TO VENTURE INTO *SPACE*. I CAN'T *WAIT* TO BE OFF!

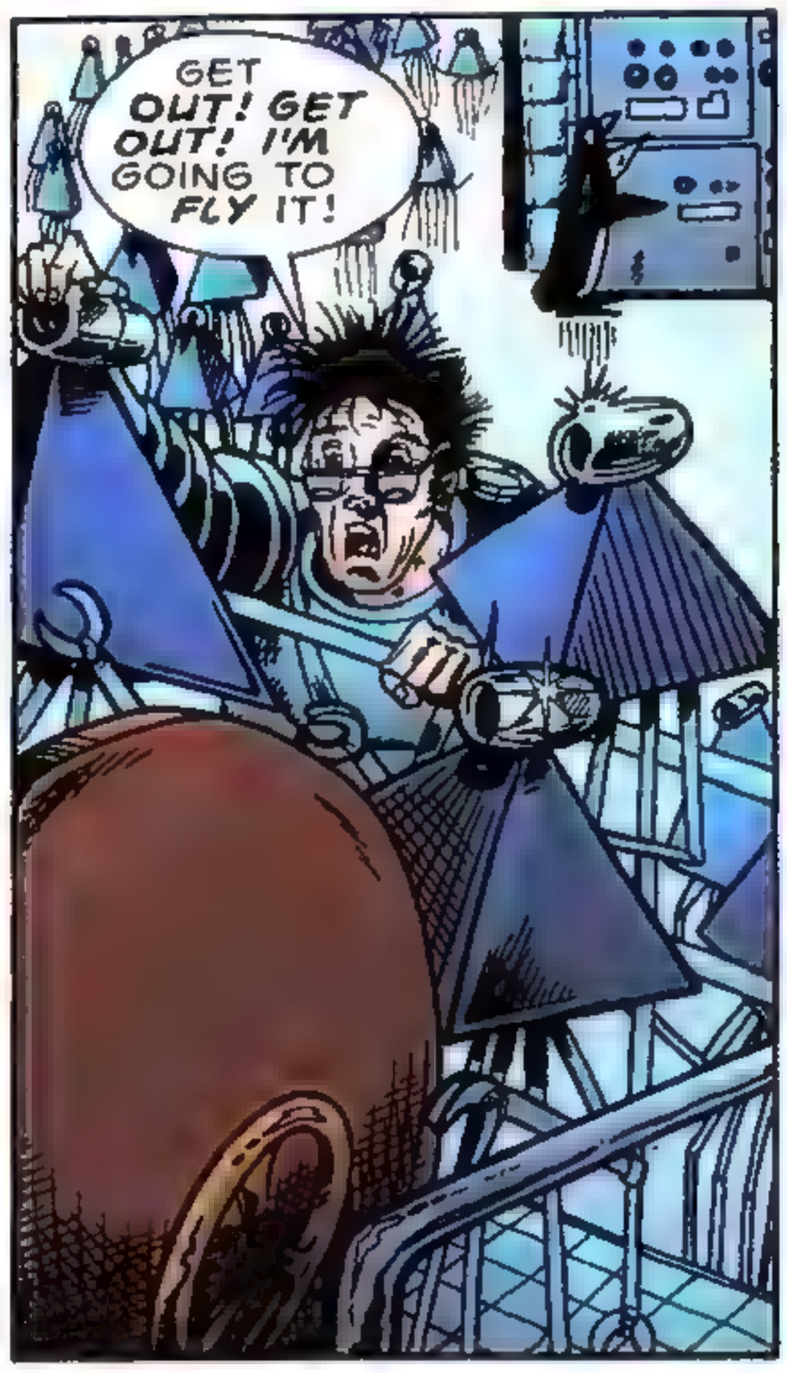
YEAH, CONGRATULATIONS, PROF.

Tap

THAT'LL BE THE DOCTOR NOW. Er, LET HIM IN, WILL YOU, PROF?

WHA?
WHOOPS! SORRY - WRONG GUESS!

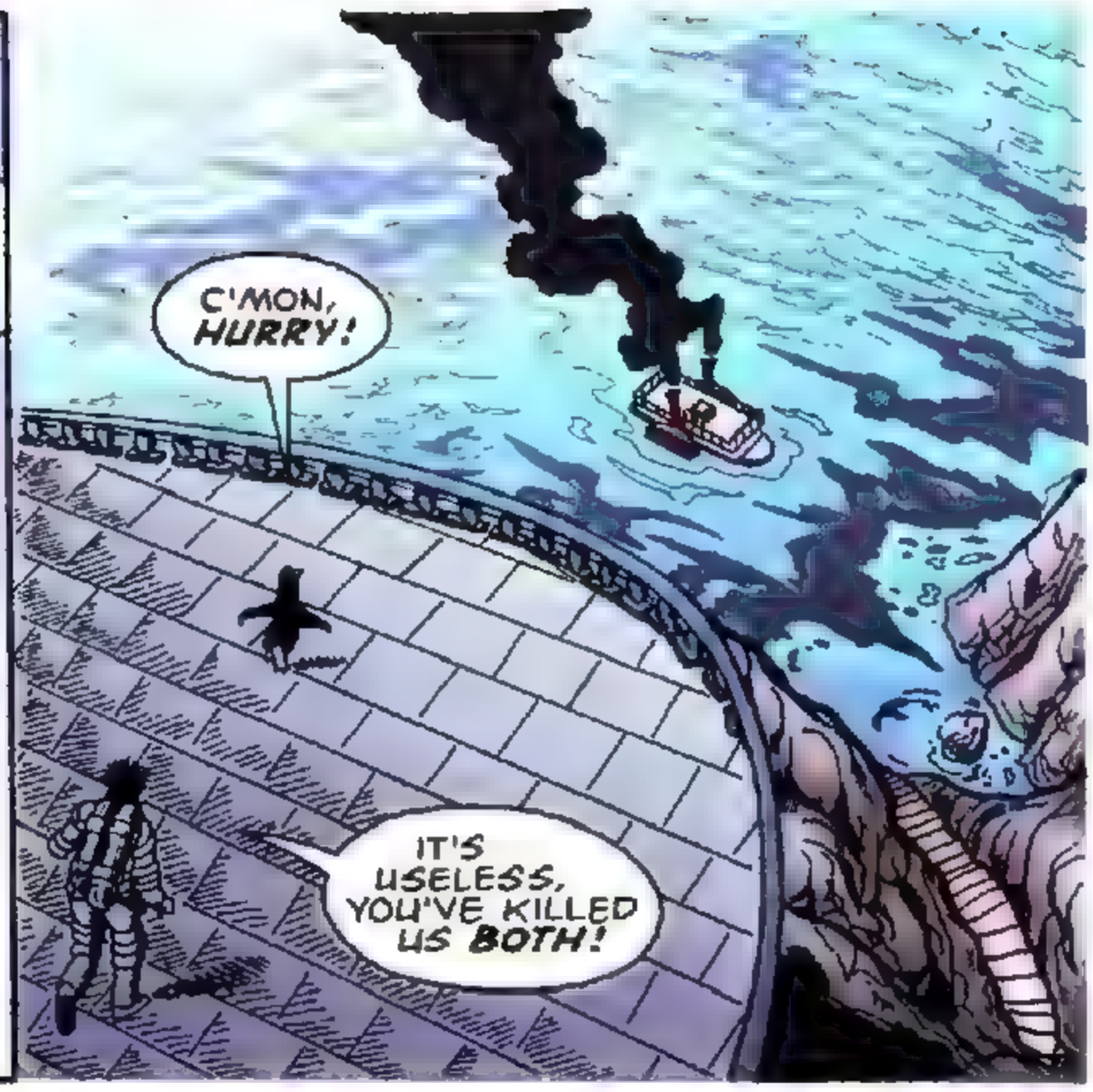
NO! NOT MY ROCKET. DO SOMETHING! STOP THEM!


GET OUT! GET OUT! I'M GOING TO FLY IT!

I DON'T THINK THERE'LL BE ROOM FOR YOU AND THE SCAVENGERS!
YOU TRICKED ME! LIED TO ME!

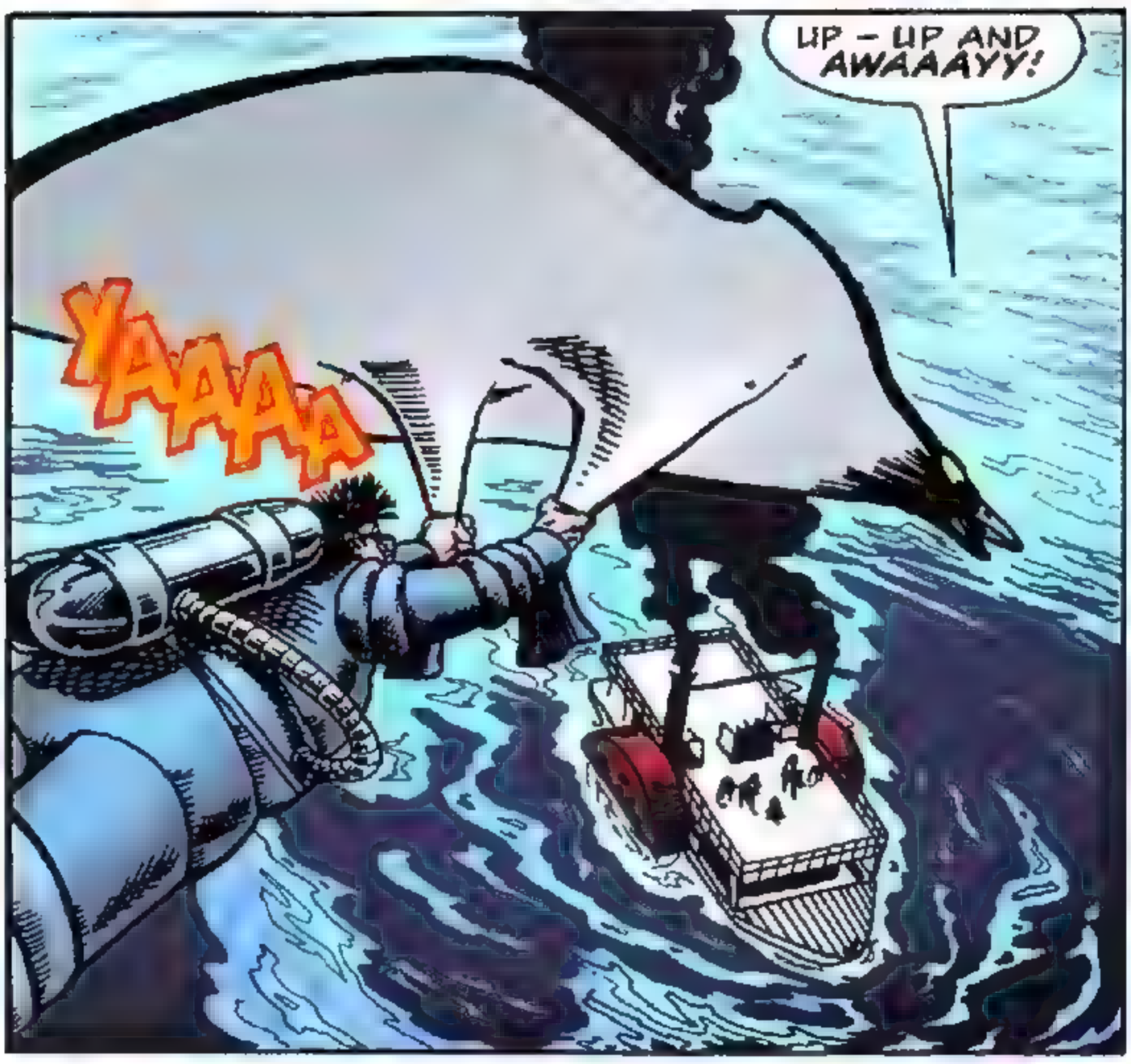
JUST MY LITTLE JOKE, PROF. NO HARD FEELINGS... C'MON, BLAST-OFF IN THREE MINUTES, BETTER RUN!

YOU'RE INSANE! IT'S SUICIDE! WHEN THE CHARGES TRIGGER THE VOLCANO, THE WHOLE ISLAND WILL BLOW!

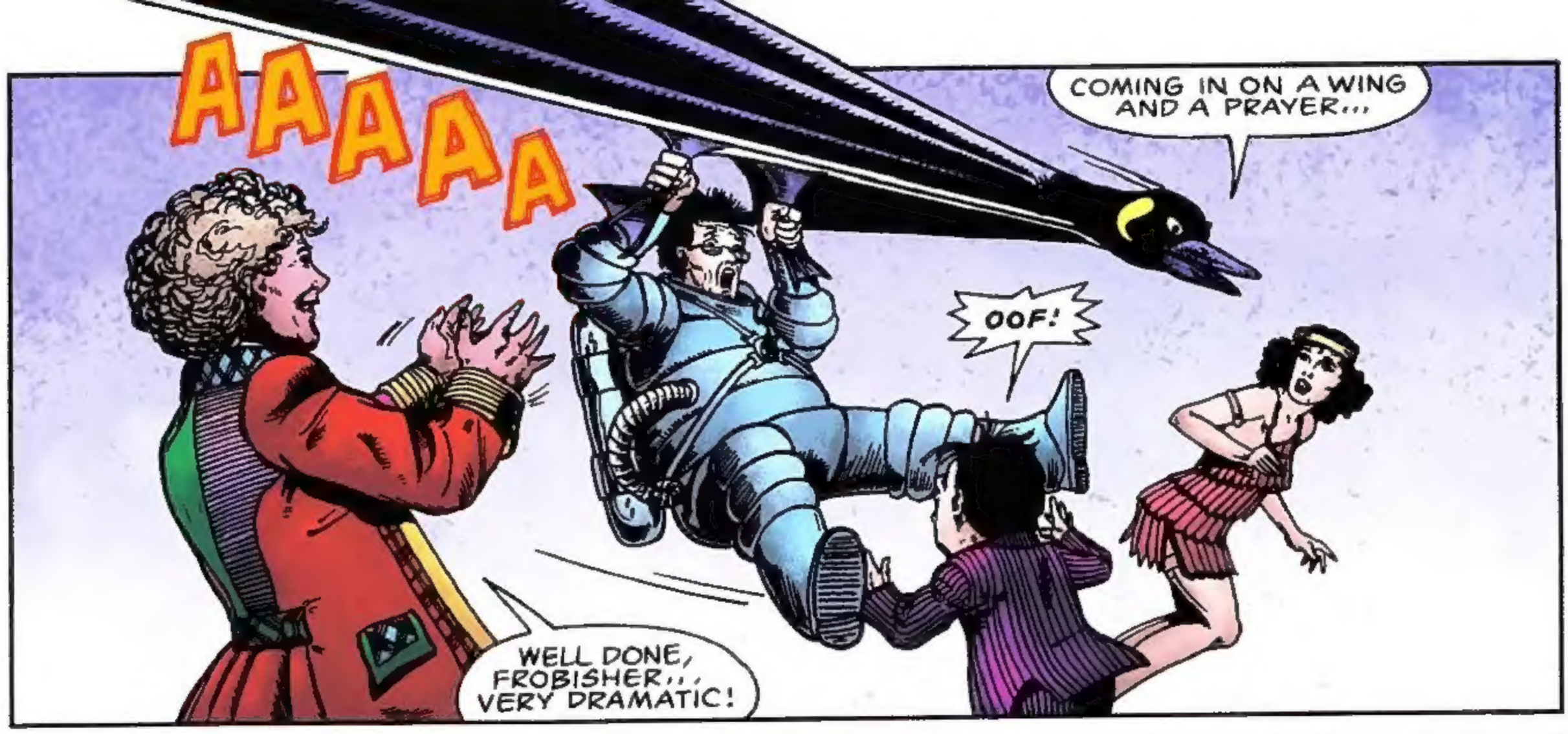

C'MON, HURRY!
IT'S USELESS, YOU'VE KILLED US BOTH!

JUST DO WHAT I SAY. WHEN I JUMP, GRAB MY FEET.
MADNESS.

POWERS DON'T FAIL ME NOW!
PENGUINS CAN'T FLY!


UP – UP AND AWAAAYY!
YAAAAA

THAT WHIFFERDILL IS CRAZY!
YIEEEEEEEEEEEEE
OHOHWOAHOHOHHOH


AAAAA
COMING IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER...
OOF!
WELL DONE, FROBISHER... VERY DRAMATIC!

LOOK, PERI – BROTHERLY LOVE!
BETTER WIND HER UP, DOC. THERE'S ONLY MINUTES BEFORE THE FIREWORKS!

DOCTOR, DO YOU REALLY THINK THE PROFESSOR'S ROCKET WILL GET THE SCAVENGERS BACK TO THE MOON..?
STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED AT SEA!

THAR SHE BLOWS!
SEA SHARP

MY ROCKET. LOOK, IT WORKED!
HOLD ON, SHIPMATES. LOOKS LIKE STORMY WEATHER.

THE TIDAL WAVE FROM THE EXPLODING ISLAND HURLS THE PADDLE-STEAMER FORWARD LIKE A SURFBOARD —

WHOO-EE! WATER-SPORTS!

AS THE TUMULT SUBSIDES, NOTHING REMAINS OF EXILE ISLAND BUT A PALL OF SMOKE.

HOORAY, SCIENCE HAS SAVED THE DAY!

IDIOT! CRETIN! SCIENCE CAUSED ALL THIS CHAOS. MUSIC SAVED US.

MAD SCIENTIST!

LIBERTINE!

WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER KNOW IF THE PLAN SUCCEEDS. BIT OF A MESSY JOB, I'M AFRAID.

PERSONALLY, I HOPE THE LITTLE METAL CRITTURS MAKE IT!

I JUST WANT TO GET BACK TO THE TARDIS. TO THINK I USED TO LAUGH AT THE HOLLYWOOD HEROINES WHO WORE UNSUITABLE CLOTHING FOR ADVENTURES!

I'VE DECIDED TO FORGIVE AND FORGET, DOC. MY PARTY WAS RUINED, MY CITY DESTROYED, BUT AT LEAST THE SCAVENGERS ARE GONE NOW! THAT CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION!

IT'S PARTY-TIME ON ZAZZ, AGAIN!

YAY! LET'S ROCK!

Oh... NO...!

THE END.

Danger Girl
G.I. JOE
RECEIVING TRANSMISSION.....
ABBEY CHASE:
AGENT OF COBRA?
END TRANSMISSION.....
RECEIVING TRANSMISSION.....
THE TWO MOST INCREDIBLE COVERT ACTION TEAMS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN—SO COVERT, IN FACT, THAT NEITHER KNOWS THE OTHER EXISTS...
END TRANSMISSION.....
RECEIVING TRANSMISSION.....
...ARE MEETING FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER!
END TRANSMISSION.....
RECEIVING TRANSMISSION.....
ANDY HARTNELL
JOHN ROYLE
J. SCOTT CAMPBELL
END TRANSMISSION.....
RECEIVING TRANSMISSION.....
SPIES! GIRLS! NINJAS! COBRA!
END TRANSMISSION.....
Licensed By:
Hasbro
JULY 2012
Full Color • 32 pages • $3.99
Danger Girl © 2012 J. Scott Campbell. Hasbro and its logo, G.I. JOE and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2012 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved.
IDW
www.idwpublishing.com

BATTLE BEASTS™

The return of the

BATTLE BEASTS!

Relentless creatures who know only a life of combat, they've brought their unquenchable thirst for battle with them!

Written by Bobby Curnow ▪ Art by Valerio Schiti

cover by John Ridgway

IDW®
JULY 2012
FULL COLOR • 32 PAGES • $3.99
WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM

BATTLE BEASTS and the BATTLE BEASTS logo are registered trademarks of Diamond Select Toys and Collectibles, LLC. © 2012 Diamond Select Toys and Collectibles, LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM • $3.99
00611
8 27714 00321 5